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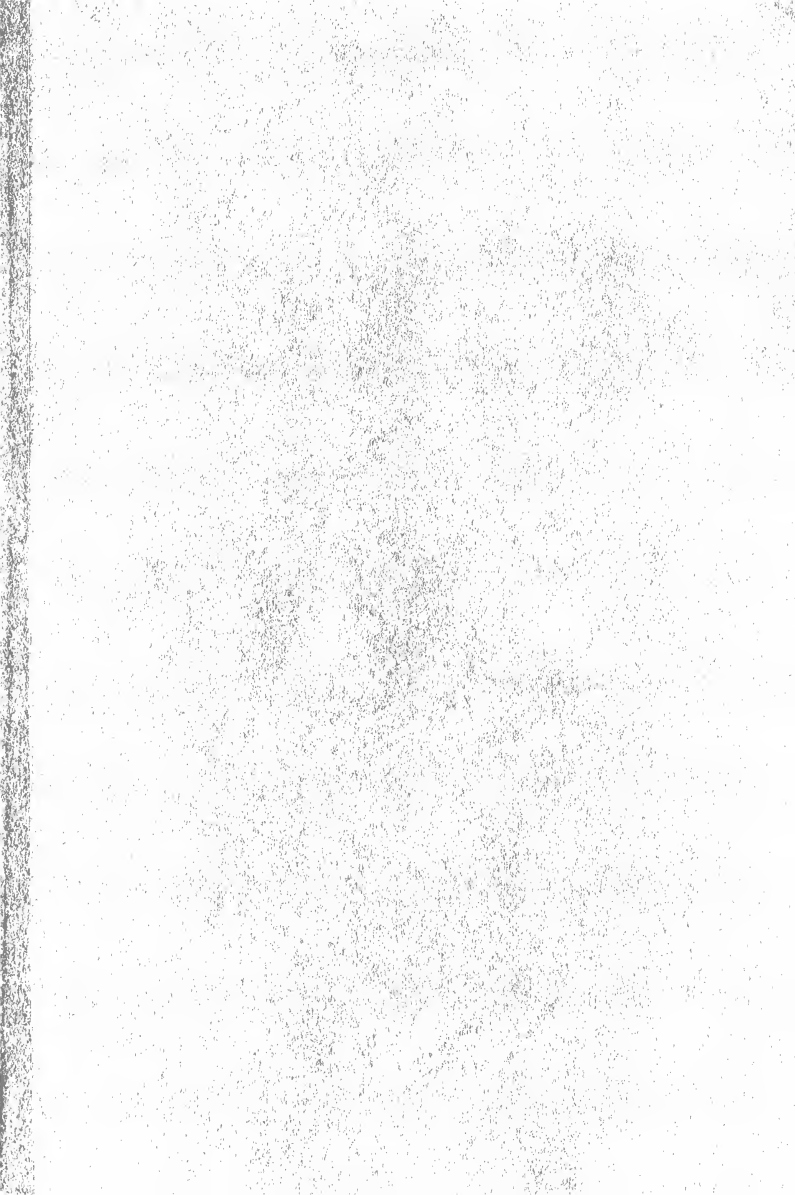


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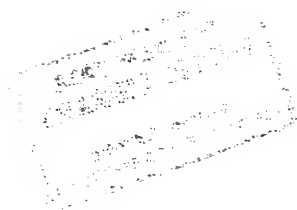




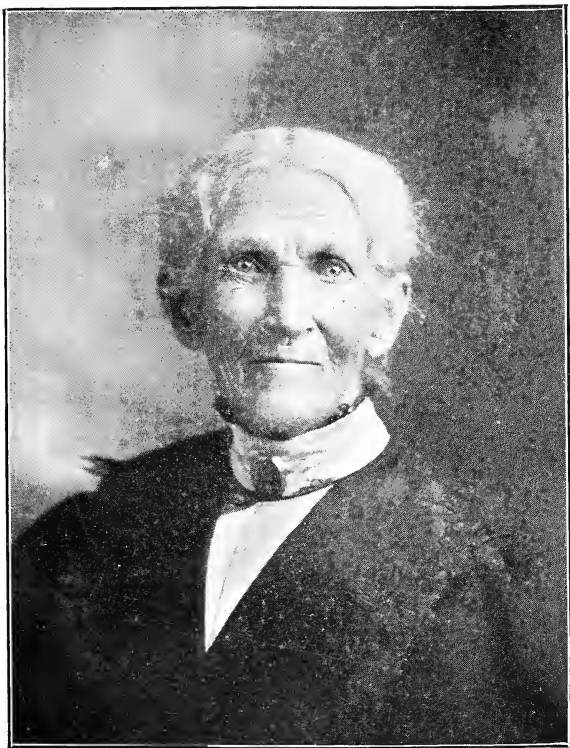
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PIONEER DAYS IN THE  
SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY







*Yours truly*  
*Mrs E P Robbins Crafts*

# PIONEER DAYS IN THE SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY

BY

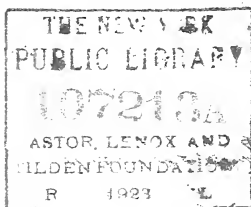
*Wm. H. H. Robbins*  
MRS. E. P. R. CRAFTS

ASSISTED BY

MRS. FANNIE P. McGEHEE

REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

1906  
15.



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## DEDICATION

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This book is affectionately dedicated  
to the  
PIONEER SOCIETY OF SAN BERNARDINO,  
and the  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF REDLANDS,  
by  
MRS. E. P. ROBBINS-CRAFTS



## FOREWORD

Six years ago it seemed advisable that an authentic narrative of pioneer days in this valley should be left on record, and with that object in view I devoted more than two years making research and writing, preparatory to compiling a volume.

In this I shall briefly speak of the work of the devoted Franciscan Fathers, who opened the way for civilization to enter the valley; then of the pioneers, who began the settlement of the city of San Bernardino; of the opening and development of the Eastberne Valley, of Crafton, Lugonia and Redlands.

For the facts concerning the labors of the Catholic missionaries, I am indebted to Father Juan Caballero, who kindly gave me permission to quote from his interesting history.

As to the labors of the pioneers, it has been my happiness to be closely associated with many of these noble men and women, and from time to time I have gathered the valuable facts and interesting incidents that are embodied in this volume.

For information regarding Eastberne Valley I am under obligation to Messrs. C. R. Paine, Geo. A. Cook, E. G. Judson, and Dr. Ellen Seymour; also to the *Redlands Illustrated Facts* for important data.

For any errors that may have found their way into these pages, and for any omissions, I hope to be forgiven; and now I offer this little book to the descendants of those whose devotion inspired it, hoping that it may preserve the memory of heroism seldom equaled and never surpassed.

THE AUTHOR.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE WORK OF THE CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES.

The question often arises, "Who were the first missionaries to our coast?" or Alta California, as Southern California was called. Shall we ignore the hardships and privations and sacrifices the Mission Fathers endured trying to civilize and Christianize the native Indians, then the sole occupants of these fertile, beautiful valleys?

Father Venegas, one of the earliest writers, says of the California Indians: "There is not a nation so stupid, of contracted ideas, and weak both in body and mind, as these unhappy Californians." Notwithstanding this, the fifty years following the advent of the missionaries demonstrated the fact that the Indians were capable of civilization. The Padres were the directing minds, but the unskilled hands of the Indians built the mission structures, the ruins of which are still the wonder and admiration of all who visit them.

A mission established, expeditions were sent from it to survey the country and make the acquaintance of neighboring tribes, and so extend the work of the church. San Gabriel Mission had already been established and had become an important station for the distribution of supplies before the Padres came into the San Bernardino Valley.

"In 1774, Juan Batista de Anza, Captain of the Presidio of Tubac, was directed by the viceroy to open

a road between Sonora, in Mexico, and Monterey, in California. He came from the Colorado river to San Gabriel, across the desert from southeast to northwest, by the way of Yuma, San Gorgonio Pass and through San Bernardino Valley. The Anza expedition was an extensive outfit—240 persons, men, women and Indians, and 1050 beasts. They entered the valley on the 15th of March."

The San Gabriel Mission was the first place where supplies could be obtained after crossing the desert. As travel over this road increased it was arranged to establish a supply station at some intermediate point between the Sierras on the north and the mission, in order to lessen the hardships of this journey, by providing travelers with a place where they could rest and obtain food. Some missionaries were sent out from the San Gabriel Mission under the leadership of Padre Dumetz to select a location.

On the 20th of May, 1810, they came into the San Bernardino Valley. This, according to the Roman Calendar of Saints, was the feast day of San Bernardino of Sienna, and they named the valley in his honor.

They found an ideal location, in a place called Guachama, which means "plenty to eat." The valley was well watered and luxuriant with springtime verdure. The Guachama Indians had here a populous rancheria. A number of other rancherias were scattered about the valley, each bearing a name significant of the place where it was situated. Many of the names were retained by settlers at a later day and applied to



ranches granted by the government. Cucamonga, "Sand Place;" Riverside (Jurumpa), "Water Place;" San Timoteo, Redlands (Tolocabit), "Place of the Big Head;" Yucaipe, "Wet Lands;" San Bernardino (Guachama), "Place of Plenty to Eat."

The supply station was located at the Guachama Rancheria, where a "capilla" was built, which was dedicated to the patron saint of the valley. After completing the building of the station the Padres returned to San Gabriel, leaving the chapel, station and a large quantity of supplies in charge of neophyte soldiers under the command of a trustworthy Indian named Hipolito.

The settlement of Mission Indians taking its name from this chief became known as Politano. During the next two years the Padres made frequent visits to the station, the Indians were friendly, grain was planted and the settlement seemed in a fair way to permanent prosperity.

The year 1812, known in history as "el ano de los temblores" (the year of earthquakes), found the valley peaceful and prosperous—it closed upon the ruins of Politano. The presence of the Padres and Christian neophytes among the Gentile Indians of the valley had been productive of good results, and many of them became converted to Christianity.

When the strange rumblings beneath the earth commenced and frequent shocks of earthquake were felt, the effect was to rouse the superstitious fears of the Indians. The hot springs of the valley increased in temperature to an alarming extent; a new hot mud

spring appeared near Politano, now called Urbita. This so excited the Indians that the Padres caused the spring to be covered with earth, hoping thus to allay their fears. These hot springs were regarded by the Indians with superstitious veneration, as they were associated with their religious ceremonies and were known to them as medicine springs. When these changes became so apparent they were filled with apprehension of danger bordering on terror. This, accompanied by frequent shocks of earthquake, so worked upon their superstitious natures that, looking for a cause, they came to believe it was the manifestation of anger of some powerful spirit displeased at the presence of the Christians among them. Desiring to appease this malevolent deity, and avert further expressions of his displeasure, they fell upon the settlement of Politano, massacred most of the Mission Indians and converts, and destroyed the buildings. Such is the sad history of the first Christian settlement in San Bernardino, less than a century ago. Very few descendants of the early Guachama Indians remain. The Indians now living in the valley are principally Cahuillas, originally belonging to San Luis Rey mission, and of the Serranos or mountain tribes. The burial place of the Christian Indians was at Politano.

I have been asked what was the religious belief of the Indians prior to their conversion to Christianity. They were not idolaters. They worshipped both the good and the evil spirit. The latter, typified by the coyote, was evidently considered the more powerful, as their dances and religious ceremonies were generally

propitiatory and usually in honor of the evil one; the object being to appease him and avert the consequences of his displeasure. They believed the god, Mutcat, created the earth, the sea, all the animals, birds, fishes, trees, and lastly, man. Then desiring to view the work of his hands he descended from his heavenly abode of Túcupac to visit Ojor, the earthly creation. Wishing to express his satisfaction and still further beautify the earth, he gave to man the various seeds, plants and flowers. Knowing that in employment men find happiness, he taught them to build houses, and the many arts whereby they might pass their time in contentment and usefulness.

For a time, all was peace and serenity. Earth was itself a paradise inferior only to the abode of the god Mutcat, and death had never entered to bring sorrow and separation to mankind. Unfortunately, the peace was broken. Isel, the evil god, became envious of the happiness of men and set about devising means to accomplish their destruction. He caused death to come into the world, brought famine and pestilence, and sowed the seeds of discord among men, but, as Isel was moved solely by envy, it was believed his anger could be appeased and favor obtained through gifts of food, chanting, dances and feasts in his honor.

On the other hand, Mutcat, the spirit of good, was ever anxious for the welfare of his earthly children. Observing the faithfulness of men and their affliction, he directed them to increase their number and promised that, though they must die, after death they should enter his paradise of Túcupac, where the do-

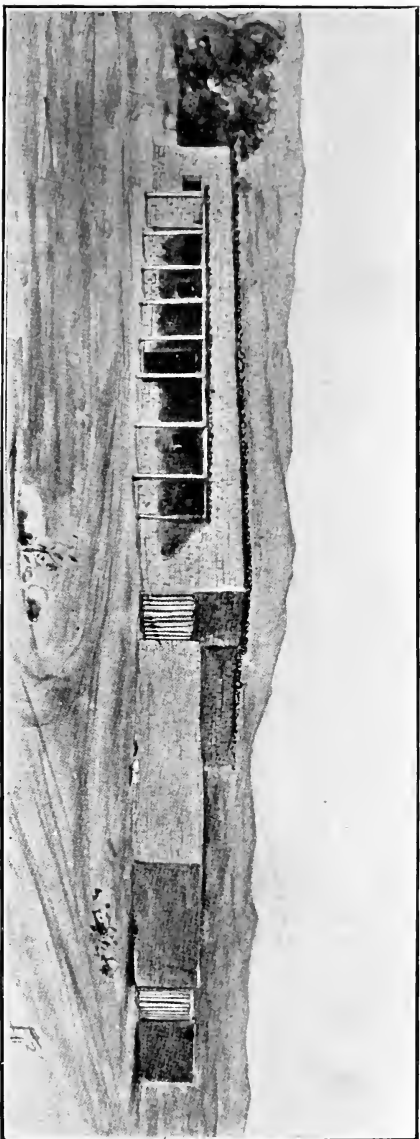
minion of the wicked Isel would cease and he could not follow, and could no longer work them harm.

The destruction of Politano discouraged the Padres for a time, but they were unwilling to abandon so fruitful and beautiful a valley, and when the friendly Guachamas requested them to return and once more establish themselves among them, they readily consented, and, in 1820, a new mission and chapel were built and ready for occupancy. Soon a community of Indians was gathered around the mission, a zanja was built, a vineyard planted, olive trees set out and grain sown.

The fine grazing grounds were stocked with cattle and horses brought from San Gabriel, as the Mission San Bernardino was established rather as an out-station for the stock raising industry of the Mission San Gabriel than for religious purposes.

Relics of the sawmill built at this time, are still to be seen at "Forest Home," a summer resort in Mill Creek canyon, formerly known as "Tom Aiker's place." The old oven used in the camp still stands; a few of the uprights and wheels remain to mark the spot which was once the scene of great activity. The lumber sawed here was utilized to build the mission.

Matters prospered here for some time. In 1830 there were slaughtered in the vicinity of the mission no less than 4000 cattle, whose hides and tallow were conveyed to San Gabriel for purposes of trade. In August, 1833, the death knell of the missions was sounded. The "Act of Secularization," passed by the Mexican Congress, took from the Padres all control



THE SAN BERNARDINO MISSION

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of the property they had labored so to improve. The neophytes were scattered, the vines left to decay, the buildings given over to destruction. This "Act" had its effect upon the history of San Bernardino Valley.

It was the intent of the government to distribute the mission lands among the Indians in order to make them self-supporting; but the Indians had been treated as children and as such must be cared for and controlled. This attempt of the government was a failure from the start, and the condition of the Indians became extremely wretched. Under the administration of the Mexican agents they were treated as outcasts, enslaved, beaten and starved until in desperation many of them fled to the mountains, and, banding together, began a series of raids and depredations which kept the country in a state of terror for many years, retarding its settlement and development.

In October, 1834, the Piutes from the desert attacked the mission, but were driven back at some loss of life. The sacred vessels and vestments used in church ceremonies, together with other valuable property, were sent to San Gabriel. The next December the mission buildings were set on fire by other desperadoes and Padre Esteneza was captured and carried to the mountains. The Mission Indians finally secured his release by the payment of a quantity of provisions, but having no longer an altar in San Bernardino, he joined his brother priests in San Gabriel, where, a few years later, his life ended. He was the last priest in charge of the Mission San Bernardino.

## CHAPTER II.

### LAND GRANTS.

At this period began the division of the country into large ranchos under the governorship of Juan B. Alvarado, who very practically made to such as would agree to occupy and settle their possessions in so remote and Indian-infested a district, the large grants of land necessary for the raising of horses and cattle, then regarded as the only available industry.

The first of these grants was Jurupa, comprising seven leagues, bestowed upon Juan Bandini, September 28, 1838. Jurupa is said to be the first greeting of the old Indian chief to the Roman Catholic priest who first appeared thereabouts. Jurupa means "peace and friendship." Juan A. Bandini took possession of his grant and stocked it with cattle and horses, but the Indians proving very troublesome, he induced about twenty families from New Mexico to settle on the northern end of his property to guard it against the incursions of the Indians, in consideration of receiving land on which to build and till the soil.

In 1841 Don Antonio Maria Lugo applied to the Mexican government for a grant of the Rancho de San Bernardino for his sons, Jose del Carmen Lugo, Jose Maria Lugo, Vicente Lugo, and his nephew, Diego Sepulveda. The formal grant was made June 21, 1842, and signed by Governor Juan B. Alvarado. It consisted of 37,000 acres lying in the central part of the valley, being very fertile and well watered.



There were other grants not necessary to enumerate here, but colonization on these lands was soon begun. In 1842 Don Lorenzo Trujillo brought the first colony of settlers from New Mexico to this section of the country.

Among these colonists were William Walker, Julian Rowland and Benito Wilson. The latter bought one and one-half leagues of land of Don Juan Bandini May 6, 1843, paying for it \$1000. In 1844 he sold the same to Capt. James Johnson and Col. Isaac Williams. The same year (1843) a second party of colonists, commanded by Don Jose Tomas Salajar arrived at La Politano, and in 1845 founded the village known as Agua Mansa, meaning "healing water." Among the members of this second colony were Cristobal Slover and Louis Rubidoux, a Frenchman. The latter purchased the property formerly owned by Benito Wilson and built dwelling houses and set out vineyards and orchards. He devoted a large acreage to grain and erected a grist-mill, which at that time was the only one in Southern California. Bancroft says, "Before the flood of 1862, Rubidoux had 15,000 acres of land enclosed by fence."

Slover lived in the neighborhood of the mountain which bears his name.

The early Mexican and Spanish pioneers were a social, generous and hospitable people. They lived a joyous life, filling it with festivals, both secular and religious. They were careful to observe all the feast days of the church, but had only a temporary building at "La Placita" until 1851, when they began the

erection of a substantial house of worship at Agua Mansa. It was completed in 1852, and was known as "The Little Church of Agua Mansa."

Padre Amable was the first to celebrate mass at the altar of the new church. From this date a record of all the births, marriages and deaths was kept. This record is now in the possession of the church in San Bernardino. The bell which called the faithful to worship was cast in the sands of the hillside near Agua Mansa.

These colonists provided a way for their children to receive instruction by employing Miguel Ochoa to teach them, and he has the honor of being the first school teacher in the county.

Those early days are ended. Few, if any, of the original settlers survive, but their descendants may be found, and the familiar names linger around the places once so dear to them. They left their impress upon the civilization of the State, and the mere mention of their names awakens visions of the romantic history peculiarly their own.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE MORMON PIONEERS.

I have given very briefly the pioneer mission works of San Bernardino Valley; now I shall try to narrate what led to its present state of civilization and tell of the Mormon immigration to the valley.

Towards the close of the war between Mexico and the United States, a Mormon regiment was recruited for service which became known as the "Mormon Battalion." Captain Jefferson Hunt had been instrumental in forming this regiment and was made First Captain of five companies of Mormons. He was accompanied by his two sons, Gilbert, as corporal, and Marshall, as private.

On returning from the war, Capt. Hunt camped with his soldiers in San Diego three months, there hoisting the United States flag; they then went to the Mission San Luis Rey, thence to San Juan Capistrano, taking some six weeks for the trip. Their next move was to Los Angeles, where they had an altercation with the Spanish. Governor Pico called out his men, but finally matters were amicably settled.

On July 15, 1847, the battalion was mustered out and the disbanded soldiers went north to the mines.

During his stay in this section, Capt. Hunt made the acquaintance of the leading men of the country, viz: Workman, Rowland, Williams, Cucamonga, Rubidoux, Lugo, Slover and Pico, also the Bannings, who were wealthy, leading people. From the mines

Capt. Hunt went to Utah to meet his family, Brigham Young having arrived there with a colony while Capt. Hunt was in the south. Finding his family in a destitute condition in this new country, where provisions could not be obtained, Capt. Hunt, in the fall of '47, decided to return to California to obtain supplies for his family and the other colonists.

The Captain, with a small company of fifteen or sixteen men, concluded to return to California by the southern route, which at this time was only an Indian trail through a region whose dangers and difficulties would have appalled men of less courage. This party came successfully through the Mojave Desert, entered the Cajon Pass, and on into the valley, Capt. Hunt having the honor of being the first white man to enter California by this southern route.

After a brief rest, Capt. Hunt purchased 300 head of cattle and 150 horses of the Lugos, packing the horses with provisions he had secured from the government officers. Taking twenty Indian vaqueros to care for his stock, in the spring of '48 he returned over the "Mormon trail," as it was called, to Utah, where he disposed of his goods and cattle. He had also carried seeds for planting in that new region. He remained in Utah with his family a year. In the fall of '49 he undertook to pilot a party of gold seekers across the southern desert, over the trail that he had broken with the stock he had driven to Utah. The Captain had agreed to bring the party through within a certain time, but they had so encumbered themselves that their progress was necessarily much slower

than they anticipated. Some of them became greatly dissatisfied and finally determined to leave his company and take what they thought would prove a shorter way. Their tragic fate is well known, as it is one of the saddest of that land of tragedies, Death Valley.

An incident of their wanderings may be of interest to my readers:

"It was February 4, 1850, when the sixteen-year-old scout sent ahead by the despairing and perishing immigrants of the "Historic Death Valley" party, who had wandered on the desert, lost for months, found at last a human habitation and brought them to the noble hospitality of the San Francisquito Rancho, the home of Senor Del Valle, where they were tenderly nursed back to life."

The ruins of the adobe ranch house which sheltered this party, can still be traced in the little village of Newhall. The boy scout is now a gaunt and grizzled veteran, Capt. J. B. Colton, of Kansas City.

Rev. J. H. Brier, who with his wife and three little boys endured the indescribable horrors of that wandering, preached the first Protestant sermon in Southern California, at Los Angeles, June, 1850, at the residence of John G. Nichols, in an adobe where the Los Angeles old court house once stood, and where the Bullard block now stands. Rev. J. H. Brier was, for years, a famous Methodist pioneer missionary in California. Mrs. Brier is living in Lodi, having reached the venerable age of 92. A daughter, Mrs. Mary Caroline Watkins, lives at Mesa Grande, where she is well

known as the friend of the Indians. They call her "the mother of the Indians"—and it is beautiful to note the respect these dusky children pay to their loving friend. They bring to her all their perplexities for solution and come to draw consolation from her kind heart for the troubles and sorrows that are their portion.

Those who had remained with Capt. Hunt arrived safely in San Bernardino Valley and went on their way to the mines. Capt. Hunt also went to the mines in the north and while there he cultivated the acquaintance of the most influential men in the northern valleys.

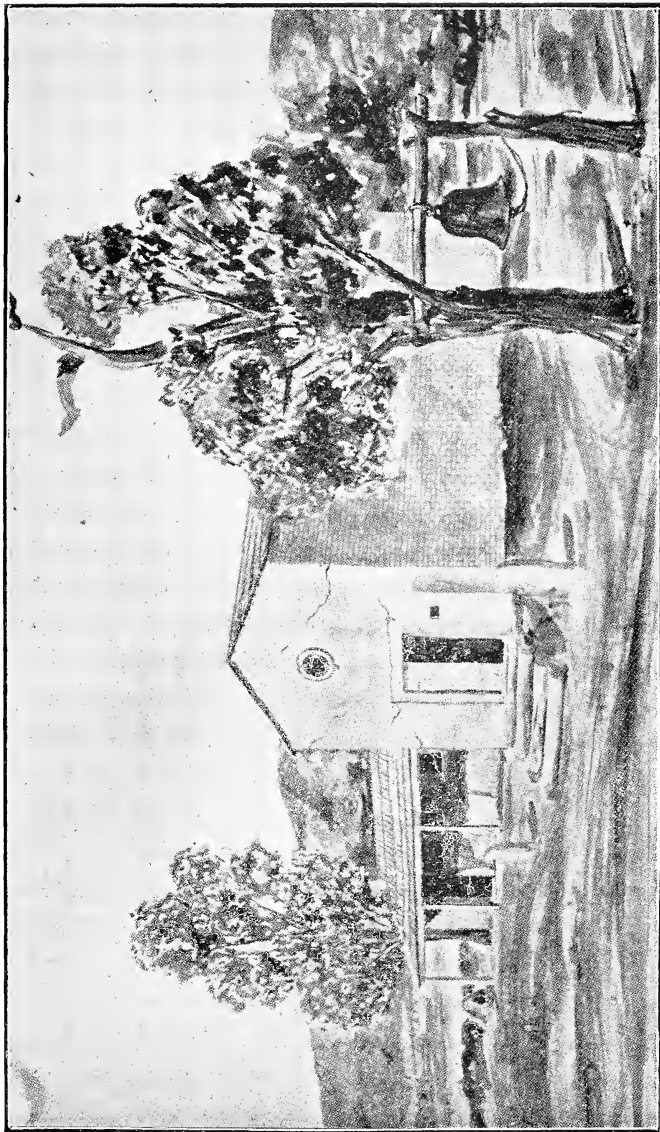
During Capt. Hunt's sojourn in Southern California he was so delighted with the climate and the agricultural possibilities of the country, that on his return to Utah he gave such a glowing account of San Bernardino Valley that many of the Mormons became desirous to see for themselves this El Dorado of the south.

Brigham Young, ever willing to enlarge his boundaries, encouraged emigration to the Pacific Coast, and two of his church officials, Elders Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich, were among the number of five hundred who left Utah in the spring of 1851 to try their fortunes in this new country.

The party was too large to travel as one body, so they divided into three sections; the first being under the command of Charles C. Rich, piloted by Capt. Hunt; the second, under Amasa Lyman, piloted by Capt. David Seely; the third was commanded by Capt.

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THE CHURCH AT AGUA MANSA



Andrew Lytle. The 10th of June, 1851, saw the first section, led by the intrepid Capt. Hunt, safely encamped at Sycamore Grove at the mouth of Cajon Pass. Another section camped some little distance southwest, on the bank of the creek now known as Lytle creek, receiving its name from Andrew Lytle. These parties remained in the canyon and on the banks of Lytle creek some months, secure from the troublesome Indians. While the company was encamped at Sycamore Grove life went on as it does in other places; there was "marrying and giving in marriage," for the young were in that company, with their hopes for the future, and many decided to join their fortunes.

The first weddings to be celebrated were those of Nathan Swarthout and Emma Tanner, and James J. Davidson and Lydia Shepherd. These young people plighted their vows under the spreading branches of a venerable sycamore, and their bridal chorus was sung by the wild birds in the leaves above them. Other couples followed, and the course of true love ran here in this woodland camp as it does in old and populous cities.

In the meantime, the officials investigated the country, selecting the San Bernardino Valley as the most desirable location for their homes. Negotiations were entered into for the purchase of the Rancho de San Bernardino of the Lugos, who owned 37,000 acres of land in the valley. Before the summer ended the sale was effected and the colonists in possession, the purchase price being \$75,000.

Here Capt. Hunt's acquaintance with men of means in the north was of great service, for it was necessary to borrow the money to pay for the land. Elders Lyman and Rich, with Capt. Hunt, went to San Francisco and secured the necessary amount of Messrs. Haywood and Morley, agreeing to pay in three installments.

The possessions of the colonists consisted chiefly of cattle and horses, and to meet the first demand for payment they unhesitatingly gathered their stock together and, as one lady said, "her father sold every hoof," and put the money in the common purse to meet the exigency.

## CHAPTER IV.

Let us consider for a moment the difficulties these people saw before them, difficulties with which they must contend for years, but which these brave, noble pioneer men and women met and overcame without faltering. Constant vigilance on account of the natives was necessary, and the great distance from supplies for their common everyday needs made life a serious problem. Surely their example and history is a lesson to the youth of our land which they may well learn and copy.

To quote from Father Juan Caballero: "The Mormons who first came to San Bernardino Valley were ideal colonists. They were farmers, mechanics and artisans of the various crafts. As a community they were honest, industrious, law-abiding, peaceful citizens, and under their thrifty management the beautiful valley blossomed into marvelous productiveness."

The first necessity was to raise crops, and each colonist planted as much land as he desired. The crop of '52 was wonderful; the virgin soil yielded the richest returns for the labor of the husbandmen. Marvelous stalks of corn waved their blades to the sunshine, fields of the finest wheat bent their golden heads to the passing breezes—on every side was ample evidence of the possibilities of this beautiful country. The colonists saw all this with delight and when their crops were gathered in a great festival was held to show their gratitude.

"The Bowery," as it was called, was decorated with samples of the products of their fields, and under the loving skill of the pioneer mothers a bountiful repast was prepared and spread upon a long table around which gathered the happy people, old and young. When the feast was ended, speeches were made by the prominent men and all took fresh courage for what the future might hold in store. This was the first "Harvest Home Feast" celebrated in the valley.

The wheat was sent to Rubidoux's mill and converted into flour, which they sent to Los Angeles and sold at sixteen cents a pound, reserving the shorts for their own consumption. The onions they grew sold for 12½c. a pound.

While the colonists were still encamped, Nov. 7, 1851, a baby boy was born in a wagon under the willow trees of the Lytle Creek wash. This child was the son of Amasa and Cornelia Lyman, and he has the distinction of being the first white child born in the valley. He was named Lorenzo Snow Lyman, and now lives in the Bloomington Orange Belt, a fine specimen of our best California manhood. He is justly proud of being a native son and the father of several native sons and daughters.

Meantime, the Indians had been the cause of some alarm, and the colonists thought it better to build a fort for their protection. This fortification was made of log cabins surrounded by a stockade. In the center was a long pavilion made of posts set up at intervals, the whole covered with cloth and brush, the roof being made of clap-boards. This pavilion was used for

their religious services, schools and social entertainments. This fort was about 300 feet in width and 700 feet in length, and was located in the block now bounded by Third and Fourth and C and D streets.

A stream of water was conducted from Lytle creek through the fort, for domestic use. Here were gathered about one hundred families, carrying on all the ordinary vocations of life. They held their religious services and conducted schools. Elders Lyman and Rich were the first preachers, and Mr. Stout the first teacher, Q. S. Sparks succeeding him. The teachers were employed and paid by the parents of their pupils. Miss Ellen Pratt had a private school which she opened with prayer every morning.

There were many simple pleasures connected with life in the fort upon which the survivors of that period look back with interest. Quilting and sewing-bees were enjoyed by the women and when the grain crop was ready for shipment the women and the young girls met together in the evenings and made the sacks to hold it. It was a labor of love and good natured rivalry prevailed as to who should be most skilful. Often 150 sacks were made in an evening.

In '53 and '54 the settlers began to separate, leaving the fort and locating in homes of their own. Capt. Hunt imported the necessary provisions and commodities, which were freighted from the wharf at San Pedro by his sons, with teams of mules or horses. He received the government appointment to carry the mails between San Bernardino and Los Angeles, also

to Salt Lake City, the mail to the latter place being carried by pony express.

A number of such trips were also made by Mr. Sheldon Stoddard, who was a prominent figure of those early times. Mr. Stoddard relates an incident that occurred on one of these trips that is worth repeating. A gentleman was bringing a large sum of money to the settlement, and becoming fearful of an attack and robbery, he buried his bags of coin in the hollow of an old sycamore tree. Coming into town he applied to Lyman and Rich for a trusty person to go back with him and secure his money. Mr. Stoddard was selected and they proceeded to the place where the treasure had been buried, but no bags were to be found. However, on looking around to discover some traces of the marauders they saw a gold piece lying on the ground, and then another and another, until by diligent search the entire amount was recovered, the coyotes having eaten the buckskin bags and scattered the contents. Needless to say there was much rejoicing over the happy ending of that adventure.

About this time was welcomed the first little girl baby presented to these Mormon mothers, the daughter of Mrs. Gilbert Rolfe, an incident of great joy to all.

## CHAPTER V.

### SAN BERNARDINO MADE COUNTY SEAT.

At this period what is now San Bernardino County was a part of the great county of Los Angeles, and Captain Hunt, the first to represent his district in the State Legislature, presented a petition asking that a portion of the county be set aside, to be known as the county of San Bernardino. An Act was passed and approved April 26, 1853, authorizing the separation and providing for an election to locate a county seat.

This election resulted in the selection of San Bernardino as the county seat, and the following officers were elected: Hon. Jefferson Hunt, representative of San Bernardino County; D. M. Thomas, county judge; William Stout, district attorney; Robert Clift, sheriff; R. R. Hopkins, clerk; V. J. Herring, assessor; H. G. Sherwood, surveyor; Andrew Lytle and John Brown, justices of the peace; who with the county judge acted as the Board of Sessions.

The town plat was filed at the request of Amasa Lyman and Charles Rich July 20, 1854. The streets were laid out at right angles, those running east and west were given familiar Mormon names, viz: Kirtland, Grafton, Utah, Salt Lake, Camel, Nauvoo, Independence, Far West, etc.; later these names were changed to those with which we are familiar. The others were given numbers, which they still retain.

In the center of the town a tract was laid out for a park, which is now known as the city park, and is

beautifully ornamented with trees and flowers; and very early preparations were made for establishing schools, and certain portions of land were given to the different districts for school purposes, viz: the Metcalf, Mt. Vernon, Mill, Warm Creek, Central and City districts.

Wishing better homes than the early log cabins, the colonists needed lumber. There were trees on the mountains, but no roads led up their steep sides. So Lyman and Rich, with Capt. Hunt, aided by other men of the colony, constructed a road sixteen miles long up what is now known as Waterman canyon, and in a short time had three saw mills running. These mills provided not only the lumber needed in the town, but a surplus, which was sent to Los Angeles and other points. Later Capt. Hunt applied steam power, running his mill day and night. David Seely built a mill on the west and that locality is still known as "Seely's Flat."

Still another mill builder was Daniel Houston, who erected a mill about four miles east, and so the name "Houston's Flat" became attached to that spot.

Seely's Flat is on a high peak and from a little incident that happened there the pioneers dubbed it "Job's Flat." One day one of Mr. Seely's oxen, Job by name, disappeared and the utmost diligence failed to find him. Finally Mr. Seely went up onto a high peak northwest of the flat and there he found his ox in a clump of oak brush, lying down, chewing his cud, contented as only a well-fed ox can be. He drove the ox home and after that when an ox strayed away



his owner was recommended to go to Job's Peak to hunt him.

The flat known as James' Flat should properly be called Hunt's Flat, for the reason that the first mill built there belonged to Jefferson Hunt, while John M. James was his manager for a number of years. All these flats are of interest to the pioneers.

The first public building was the Council House, which also served as the first County Court House. It stood on the corner of Third and Grafton (now C) streets, and was a two-story adobe, with one room below and one above. A fence surrounded the building. It stood until 1867, when it gave way to a modern brick block.

"The town was controlled by the Mormons until 1857, when Brigham Young, desiring to centralize his church interests in Utah, issued the recall to Zion. Many obeyed the mandate," consequently there were numerous deserted homes and property was sold so cheap as to be practically given away. For example, Rev. A. L. Bateman bought a block, now known as the Swing block, on which stood a new four-roomed house, unfinished inside, but furnished, for forty dollars in cash; an old harness, a cloth cloak, and twenty-five pounds of sugar thrown in for good measure.

Gentiles, principally from Texas and Missouri, rushed in to obtain good homes at little expense; an emigrant wagon and team could then be exchanged for a home or a ranch.

Mr. Hall Medlin purchased from John Brown the 160 acres north of Base Line, where the Orphans'

Home now stands, for an old wagon, four mules and two mares. When tax paying time came he regretted his purchase.

While most of Young's followers left San Bernardino there were some who elected to remain in the homes they had secured at such expense of toil and time. The first hotel in the town was built by Bishop Crosby, on the corner of what is now C and Third streets. When the fort was abandoned and travel began to set in, the bishop saw the necessity of providing a place of entertainment for strangers, so he put up a one-story adobe, which served the purpose well for a time. The hotel has passed through various fortunes, being enlarged and improved with each change. All early travelers will remember "Starkey's Hotel," as it was known for many years.

I will continue my story by briefly relating what was accomplished in a very few years by some of the men and women of those early days in laying the solid foundation of this historic county seat.

They were men who laughed at danger, who were indifferent to fatigue and hardship, who courted difficulties for the sake of overcoming them. Women whose hearts were open to every call for aid, who made merry over what would seem to their descendants incredible hardships, who wore plain garments, lived on simple food, yet were truly social, kind and neighborly. They formed a community where "good will to man" was the rule of life. No door was shut

against a wayfarer; no purse closed against one who was needy. Though there were no formal "social functions" and no "400," there were countless occasions when all joined in simple pleasures, the memory of which is still a delight.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PIONEER SOCIETY AND ITS FOUNDERS.

In May, 1852, there came to San Bernardino a man who was destined to have great influence in advancing the fortunes of the place. John Brown, Sr., had led an adventurous life, engaging in every species of enterprise known to ambitious youth. He had been a *voyageur* on the Mississippi; as a soldier he saw the battle of San Jacinto; he had hunted and trapped in the Rocky Mountains; he had assisted in building Forts Laramie, Bent, Bridger and other forts, and now he was to help build San Bernardino. With his family he occupied one of the homes in the fort, but upon leaving the fort he removed with his family to Yucaipe, where they remained until 1857, when they returned to San Bernardino, purchasing a home on the northwest corner of D and Sixth streets.

With wise foresight he saw the necessity of extending communication between Southern California, Arizona, Utah and the growing town, and with Judge Henry Willis and George Tucker, he procured a charter from the Legislature for a toll road through Cajon Pass, which for eighteen years he kept open, thus materially adding to the development of business.

When it was found necessary to establish telegraphic communication with other points, he subscribed liberally to the fund, and he also urged the encouragement of railroad enterprise.

During the winter of 1873-4, Mr. Brown carried the mail to the miners in Holcomb and Bear Valleys through deep snows and over hard trails, showing that his courage and endurance were unabated.

He was one of the first justices of the peace in the county.

With the approach of age Mr. Brown desired to enjoy the society of those who had with him braved the dangers, endured the hardships and borne the burden and the heat of pioneer days, so with President Lord, William Heap, R. T. Roberts, W. F. Holcomb, De la M. Woodward, Major B. B. Harris, David Seely, Sydney P. Waite, Marcus Katz, Lucas Hoagland, Henry M. Willis, his old Rocky Mountain companion, James W. Waters; his son, John Brown, Jr., and others, they organized the San Bernardino Society of California Pioneers, January 21, 1888.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown practiced the widest hospitality; they were ever friends of the poor, and the sick and the afflicted had only to be known to secure their ready sympathy and help. They were true types of the pioneer.

The Pioneer Society has continued to grow in membership and interest from the very beginning. Here the men and women who struggled together for the upbuilding of this valley meet to recount the pleasures of the past, to enjoy the present and to show the community the spirit of loyalty, fidelity and affection that cements them in their fraternal bond. They are honored guests on all public occasions; their way down

the hill of life is made beautiful by the attentions they receive.

The following list is copied from their register:

NAMES OF THE PIONEERS.

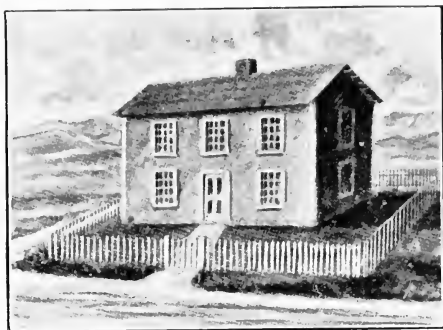
John Brown, Sr.	J. Harvey Martin
George Lord	N. J. Wixom
David Seely	W. W. Wilson
Henry M. Willis	Moses Martin
Charles G. Hill	N. P. Earp
M. E. Button	Charles A. Ferguson
Jno. M. Muscott	David H. Wixom
J. B. Aldrich	Francis Marion Wood
L. Hurstel	W. C. Reed
G. W. Suttentfield	B. M. Wall
Lucas Hoagland	S. C. Cox
D. A. Shaw	D. R. Dickey, M. D.
S. Stoddard	Ithel Corbett
Frank Morrill	Jasper N. Corbett
A. Starke	John Platte Hight
E. M. Boley	R. W. Waterman
Amos W. Harmon	Mrs. Dr. McDonald
W. F. Holcomb	Mrs. B. B. Harris
J. P. Hargrave	N. G. Gill
D. L. Aldridge	Mrs. J. P. Hargrave
D. G. Loveall	V. A. Earp
P. A. Forse	Nellie Roberds
Lucius Owen	H. W. Packwood
Andrew McFarlane	Elizabeth Dodge
B. F. Matthews	Mary E. Harvey
A. W. Blair	J. C. Peacock

C. E. Owen  
O. F. Fitzpatrick  
Daniel Sexton  
John Jackson Willis  
James M. Coburn  
C. A. Collins  
Frank Rector  
A. J. Cox  
A. H. Fox  
E. H. Thomas  
Mary Easton  
W. M. Stockton  
C. L. Thomas  
Minerva Orila-Kelting  
H. C. Brooke  
John M. James  
Laura B. Wallace  
Mary A. Crandall  
Hamdon M. Wallace  
G. W. Bryant  
L. Mecham  
Frank B. Wood  
John T. Knox  
Thomas Brannon  
Alma Whitlock  
James Ellis Pratt  
William H. Hicks  
Grandma Bottoms  
William R. Leviek  
Mrs. Mary M. Brown  
William W. Brown

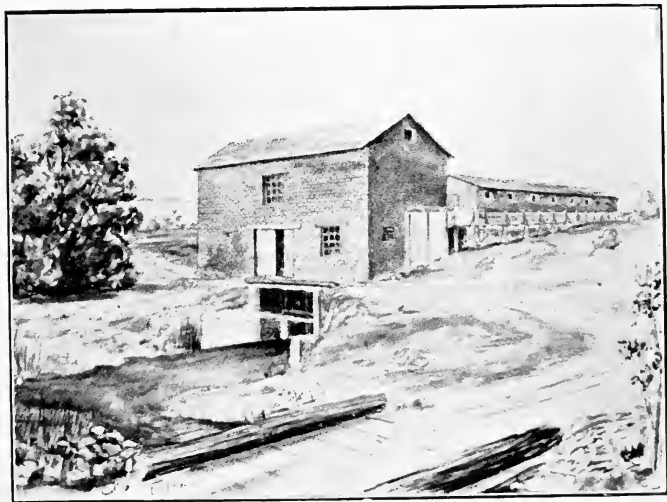
J. A. Kelting  
Wm. Heap  
H. C. Forsee  
Nathan Swarthout  
Abner Blackburn  
Alva A. Warren  
Mrs. C. J. Ferguson  
Leonidas Bales  
Alden T. Hill  
Mrs. A. Tompkins  
Minerva McElvain  
William Stones  
Daniel B. Curtis  
David Thomas  
William G. Webb  
John Miller  
Henry Cline  
Mary M. Spafford  
Alfred Heap  
Joseph D. Gilbert  
Manus Hanson  
Nancy Martin  
Annie Alexander  
Lydia Moore  
Geo. B. Wallace  
Joseph L. Slaughter  
Nancy T. Brown  
John Taylor  
Mrs. R. T. Roberds  
Mrs. J. W. Smith  
Mrs. R. Roberds

A. D. Boren	Edward Poole
A. J. Pike	Lizzie Fabun
Mrs. M. Glenn	Henry Morse
Wilfred A. Boren	J. A. VanLeuven
Jane E. Hunter	S. Fabun Teeter
Annie Earp Alexander	Reuben Wixom
William Stephen	Allen R. Baldwin
B. F. Garner	Mrs. Lucia P. Godfrey
Lovina Hagan	W. B. Boren
W. G. McKenzie	Mrs. Dottie A. Whipple
A. D. Clyde	Ema A. Morse
Anna Wixom	Jessie B. Buck
Elizabeth A. Rabel	Susan M. Folk
Mrs. Julia M. Brown	Harriet Mayfield
Mrs. Mary E. Aldridge	Louisa Waters
Mrs. Rose A. Smith	Geo. Pierce
J. Wayne Amos	Mrs. Anna G. Pierce
Mrs. Elizabeth Nickerson	Grandma Kisse
William S. Tittle	C. C. Clusker
D. M. Bradford	Henry Goodcell, Jr.
Edward W. Pugh	Jane Smithson
C. A. Moore	James M. West
George Isaac Burton	Albert Thompson, M. D.





THE COUNCIL HOUSE



THE OLD SAWMILL

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## CHAPTER VII.

### GEORGE LORD.

George Lord, or "Uncle George Lord," as he is best known, was one of the most widely known and best beloved of the pioneers. He came to California in 1849, but returned to his Iowa home to claim his bride, Miss Arabella Singleton, and in 1851 he again crossed the plains, coming to San Bernardino in 1852, where he spent the rest of his life. He engaged in agriculture, setting out a vineyard, and was the first to grow raisin grapes for the market. In 1867 he received a prize at the Los Angeles Fair for the best raisins.

He was the first president of the Society of California Pioneers, holding the office for ten years. Today his name is held in loving veneration by his former comrades.

Genial, kind-hearted "Uncle George" enjoyed to the full the fruits of his upright character. The whole community delighted to honor him and on all public occasions always desired his presence. He lived to the venerable age of 97 years before he "entered into rest."

### CLARK S. FABUN.

Clark S. Fabun came to this valley in the company of Charles Rich. He soon purchased a tract of land on Warm Creek, between what are now known as Third and Fifth streets. Securing another tract he planted one of the largest orchards of deciduous fruits in the county.

Mr. Fabun was a skilled mechanic and when living in the "Fort" he worked at his trade, making and repairing wagons and farm implements.

Energetic, industrious and kind, Mr. Fabun had a host of friends. He added materially to the prosperity of the colony. He married a daughter of John Harris, who thus figures as daughter of one pioneer and wife of another.

SHELDON STODDARD.

Sheldon Stoddard was one of the early settlers in San Bernardino, coming here in 1851, though he had been in California since 1848. His experiences during the three years before settling here were full of interest, but I must confine myself to his life here.

He built the first log cabin within the town plat, on what is known as the Carter place, on First street west of I. He moved into this with his wife, Jane, a daughter of Capt. Hunt. When the fort was built, the cabin was taken down and formed part of the barricade.

In 1853 he built an adobe on the northwest corner of D and Fourth streets, where the postoffice now stands.

For many years Mr. Stoddard was engaged in hauling freight between San Bernardino and Salt Lake and in carrying the mails. At present he is enjoying the fruits of his labor and the love of the community to which his life of unselfish labor endeared him. He is one of the valued members of the Pioneers Society.

## JOHN HARRIS.

John Harris was one of the earliest settlers here, being of the party under Charles Rich. He was a skilful cabinet maker and soon set up a turning lathe, run by water power, on the banks of the stream where the party was encamped. Here he made chairs, the first that were manufactured in the county. He also made rolling pins, potato mashers and many other household needs. The chairs were plain, strong and substantial. The seats were made of strips of rawhide woven together.

Mrs. Fabun, his daughter, now has one of the first chairs made here and a rolling-pin, the work of her father's hands, which are to her above price.

Mr. Harris also had a wagon shop, where he repaired wagons. The Mexicans came from far and near to avail themselves of his skill. Many housekeepers were indebted to him for conveniences in doing their work.

## WILLIAM M. M'DONALD.

William M. McDonald was among the early settlers. His first employment was in the blacksmith and repair shop with Clark S. Fabun in the fort.

In 1854 he bought a lot and built the house in which he and his family lived for many years. In 1857 he moved to Los Angeles, and was the first regular contractor and builder of that city. In '66 Mr. McDonald returned to San Bernardino and opened the first furniture store in the town. To this he added the first undertaking establishment here. He carried on a

large business, manufacturing his own goods, which were sent to Los Angeles and other towns. The first hearse ever seen in this section was made by him.

He was the foreman of the old fire company, and one of its organizers. He was interested in every movement looking to the growth of the city. Mr. McDonald died in 1901. His sons carry on business in the city now, and his daughter, Mrs. Smith Haile, enjoys a reputation as an artist of which she may well be proud.

EDWARD DALEY, SR.

Edward Daley, Sr., was a pioneer by instinct. His early life was spent in Ohio while it was yet a new state. Then he spent six years pioneering in the middle west. In 1849 he started for California with his wife, having married Miss Nancy Hunt, a daughter of Captain Hunt, and in 1851 he reached San Bernardino and soon became prominent in the affairs of the community.

He was a successful farmer, tilling his broad acres with industry and skill. He served as supervisor for four years, and his sound judgment was of service to the county.

His son, Frank Daley, is now a prominent lawyer in San Bernardino, and his surviving sons and daughters are highly respected members of society, filling places of honor and trust.

JOHN MAYFIELD.

Among those who came to Sutter's Fort in the spring of '49 was John Mayfield, who after mining in

Dutch Flat and other camps for awhile, finally came to San Bernardino in 1855. Here he was employed by Jefferson Hunt in carrying the mails between San Bernardino and Salt Lake City for four years. In 1859 he married Miss Harriet Hunt, daughter of Capt. Hunt, and they took up their residence on a farm near Colton, remaining there about three years.

The disastrous flood of '62 did so much damage to their property that they abandoned the place and Mr. Mayfield entered the service of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, where for a number of years he filled an office of responsibility.

Afterward he was made deputy sheriff of the county, where his knowledge of men and his sound judgment made him a valued official. After a service of six years Mr. Mayfield was employed as surveyor by the Santa Fe Railroad Company, and in the faithful discharge of his duty, in 1889, he contracted the disease which caused his death.

Mr. Mayfield was a man of honor and integrity; a staunch friend, a kind neighbor and a valued citizen. His devoted wife survives him. She enjoys the distinction of having been intimately connected with two men whose influence upon the affairs of the valley has been of lasting benefit.

#### LOUIS JACOBS.

Louis Jacobs was the first merchant in San Bernardino, opening the first store outside of the fort. In connection with I. R. Brunn he established a general merchandise store, in which he laid the foundation

of his large fortune. In 1875 he retired from the mercantile business and opened the San Bernardino Bank. He was an important factor in the growth of the county as well as of the city.

WILLIAM F. HOLCOMB.

William F. Holcomb, a prominent member of the "Society of Pioneers," came to California with the early gold seekers, leaving his home in Iowa in 1850 with a wagon, three yoke of oxen and some provisions, but losing all in the crossing of Green river. However, his was not a nature to yield to discouragement and he continued his journey on foot, reaching Placerville "dead broke."

After various experiences, he came to San Bernardino in 1860, and had the good fortune to discover gold in Bear Valley, and in what was afterwards named "Holcomb's Valley."

He has held various county offices, having been assessor for nine years, after which he was elected county clerk.

Mr. Holcomb possesses those traits of character that win respect and he is warmly loved by his many friends.

At the age of 75, a hale, hearty man, he is the honored secretary of the "Society of Pioneers" and is always to be found at his post.

MARCUS KATZ.

Marcus Katz had a store in the fort, and opened the first stationery and book store in the town in 1857. He was appointed county treasurer in 1858 and filled that



office for seven years. He became agent for Wells Fargo Co. in 1865, holding that responsible position until 1874, when he retired, to the regret of the company and with the highest esteem of the citizens.

Mr. Katz acted as notary public from 1857 to 1869.

He felt a deep interest in the business progress of the town and filled a long and useful career with credit and honor to himself and his family.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LEGENDS AND INCIDENTS.

The mountains have always been prolific of romantic themes and the lover of these tales does not need to travel beyond our boundaries to gratify his taste for stories of adventure and weird reminiscences.

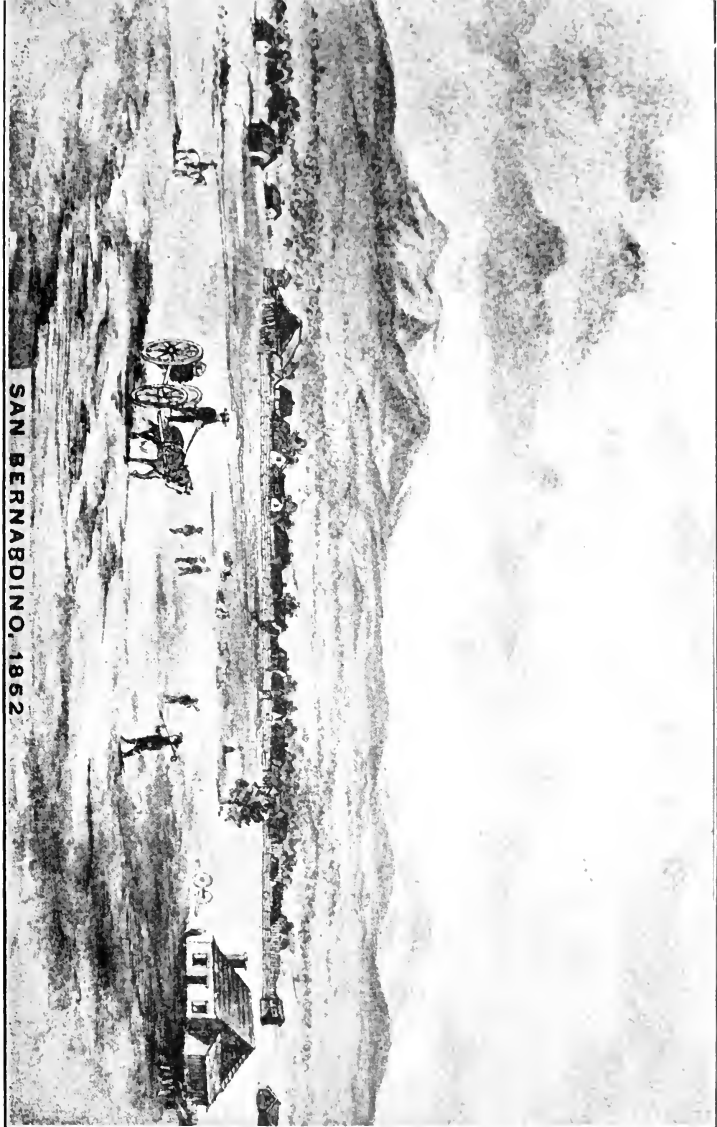
Many legends have been woven about the wonderful "Arrowhead," which has become our trade mark, and whose fame has spread to other continents on account of the virtue of the waters of the hot springs located near.

The Indian tribes who preceded the white man regarded this strange mark with superstitious awe and pictured it as the especial work of their "good spirit," who by this sign would lead them to a valley where they would be secure against their foes, and where they could enjoy the game of the forest and the fruit of the fields unmolested.

Darker and more tragic stories came to be told about their camp fires later, one of which has never appeared in print before. I will give it as it came from a skilled interpreter.

### INDIAN LEGEND.

A long time ago, when the Indians owned all this country, before the white man came, the Indians visited the hot springs to regain their health. In time they gradually located around them, a rancheria grew up and two of the young braves fell desperately in love



SAN BERNABDINO, 1862



with the same maiden. They could not settle their difficulty and laid the matter before their chief. He decided that they must have recourse to arms, the maiden to become the bride of the victor. A day was appointed for the combat; a great crowd gathered to behold the struggle; seated on the ground they awaited the coming of the rivals. Before long the youths came striding into the circle, each armed with his bow and arrows. Their eyes flashed and their sinewy limbs straightened as they faced each other and drew their arrows to the head. A sharp twang of the bows sounding as one and the heart of one was pierced while his opponent remained unhurt.

Leaning over his rival the victorious brave pulled the arrow from the heart of his opponent, and, with a scornful smile curving his lips, he shot it towards the mountain side. It struck, quivered, and fastened itself in the rock, and there it stands to this day to tell the story of love, hate and destruction.

#### A MORMON LEGEND.

Brigham Young told his followers that he had had a revelation, in which he saw a place where they could go and make themselves a home. He told them of a lofty mountain at whose base lay a broad and fertile valley where they would find ample reward for all their toil. The road to this valley was long and dangerous; they must cross deep streams, climb high mountains, descend deep ravines and go through unbroken forests, but when they should reach the place they would know it by the sign of a great arrowhead

on the mountain side, which no man could have placed there. Once located in this valley the faithful were to find great riches; peace and content would be their portion; their flocks and herds would increase, and there they could enjoy the repose denied them in other places.

Needless to say this revelation came to Brigham Young after the Mormon battalion had seen this valley.

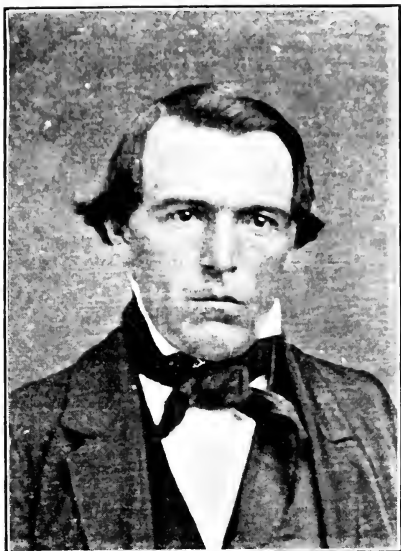
Some idea of the dangers and trials that were endured by the early settlers of this county may be gained by the following incidents, which I have gleaned from those who made the journey.

#### THE CLOUD BURST.

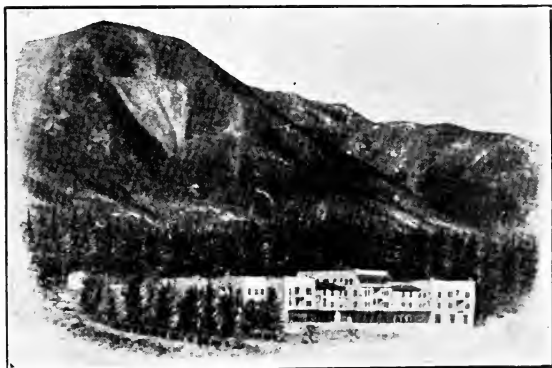
A company of pioneers was wending its way through the sands of the Mojave Desert; the day was hot and sultry, the supply of water failed and every one was suffering from thirst.

As the weary ones looked upward they noticed clouds gathering and within two hours rain began to fall. Tubs, buckets and kettles were put out to catch the precious drops which soon came down in torrents, so that all needs were supplied. Camping there that night, the following day they traveled on, reaching the Mojave river, where they again camped near the stream.

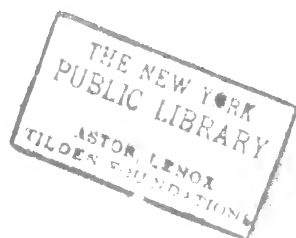
During the night an ominous roaring alarmed pioneer Nathan Wixom, who immediately aroused the other members of the company and a hasty move was made to higher ground, not without some grumbling, it must be confessed, for even pioneers dislike to be



PROF. ELLISON ROBBINS



THE ARROWHEAD





disturbed from sleep. But the morning light showed that the alarm was well founded, for where the camp had been made at dark, was now a flood, the water being deep enough to swim a horse. The river was a muddy torrent carrying rubbish and trees in its resistless current.

It was found necessary for the company to wait till the waters abated before journeying forward, but one man became impatient and started on alone. He was caught in the flood and drowned, his body being found afterward near Martin's ranch, where Christmas day, 1851, was celebrated by these pioneers.

#### A WIND STORM.

It was January 5, 1852, when Nathan Wixon and his family, among other pioneers, was entering California. A camp wagon had been fitted up as comfortably as possible with a cover outside and a stove inside for a home for four little children. There were three other wagons, one an old "prairie schooner" loaded with flour. These travelers were seeking a home in the golden west, so farming implements were part of the freight. Cattle, sheep, geese, ducks and turkeys were also in evidence.

In one corner of the camp wagon a large churn was securely fastened, into which the milk was poured each morning and by noon the jarring of the wagon had churned the butter for the use of the family. But one day there was no butter for dinner. A wind storm of unusual severity came up when the company was at

the mouth of Lytle Creek Canyon. The teams had just started that morning.

Mr. Wixom and the older children were on the first wagon and the sixteen-year-old daughter, Mary, was sitting on the front of the wagon with her feet on the tongue driving the camp wagon.

Suddenly a fierce gust of wind lifted the wagon box from the running gear and turned it over on one side on the ground. The cover had been tied down and this added to the difficulty. Mrs. Wixom, with baby Charles in her arms, and the other little ones were tumbled in a heap, while the rocking chair, the stove, the cooking utensils, provisions and clothing went in every direction.

The fire from the stove threatened life and property; the wagon sheet was smouldering, but the presence of mind of "Mother Wixom" saved the day. Handing the baby to Eliza, she grasped the churn and poured the contents over the fire and the danger was over.

The lusty shouts of Mary soon brought help; the wagon box was replaced and in a short time the company was again on the way. Before night Cucamonga was reached, an ideal camping ground, where no traces of the terrible wind storm could be seen.

To show what the women of those days were equal to, I give the following incident as I received it:

"It is not often that a woman builds her own house, and it is still a rarer thing that she makes 'the brick to build it with.' It was in the summer of '55 that L. D. Crandall took up a ranch at Sycamore Grove, three miles from Martin's ranch. The sale of some property

near Monterey gave him a capital of six hundred dollars, which he decided to invest in cattle. Accordingly he bought the stock, turned them loose on the ranch, left a wagon-box for a home for his wife and baby son. He had a contract for hauling freight from San Pedro to San Bernardino, so Mrs. Crandall was left in charge of the ranch.

"Dauntless pioneer woman that she was, she determined to build a house, so with the help of a sixteen-year-old boy, Ed. Doyle, she made the adobes, dried them in the sun, laid the walls, and in the course of a few months had a cozy, little, two-roomed house. The roof was of clap-boards, the windows covered with "brown factory." There were no hinges for the door, so it had to be secured every night by a stick propped against it. Here the family lived until they abandoned the ranch."

At this time the country was terrorized by a band of desperadoes and this brave woman knew many hours of anxiety—often being obliged to hide as best she might to keep from being seen by the marauders, sometimes spending a whole night on the roof of her little home. At last, the illness of her child compelled her to seek medical aid and she never returned to the ranch.

The following incident will show some of the difficulties attendant upon travel over the mountain trails in the early days, and how they were met and overcome.

"Crossing the mountains fifty-five years ago was attended by hardships and dangers unknown today. A

well-marked trail was the best wagon road in many places, and it required patience, skill and courage to bring wagons down the mountains. At the steepest places, a yoke of oxen was hitched to the wagon to guide the tongue, the wheels were chained together with log chains, so they could not roll, a pine tree was cut down and fastened by the top to the back of the wagon, the limbs helping to stop the downward rush. Then men held a rope which was fastened to the top of the wagon to prevent its making a somersault. One by one, the wagons were brought down in this way, and all reached the valley in safety."

The following will show the heroism of one of the boys of that period:

"One day in 1869, Mr. Julius Meyerstein, general merchant in San Bernardino, said to one of his clerks, a boy of fourteen, 'Nelson, I want you to ride to Los Angeles tonight with this roll of money and deposit it in the bank for me. It will be a dangerous undertaking, but I will trust you to accomplish it.'

"It was a hazardous trip, as the boy well knew, for each week brought reports of the stage being held up, or some traveler being robbed, but Nelson Crandall hurried home to prepare for the journey. His mother's trembling fingers carefully sewed the money between the lining and the outside of his coat. As darkness settled he mounted a fleet-footed mule and began his tiresome ride. At every turn in the road he might be confronted by armed bandits, but his heart did not fail. At Cucamonga, a brief stop was made for rest and refreshment. Onward, onward, through the long

hours of the dark night, he rode. At ten o'clock the next day, he entered the bank at Los Angeles, presented his letter of introduction and soon had the satisfaction of delivering into the banker's hands the precious burden."

## CHAPTER IX.

### DR. BENJAMIN BARTON.

Among the early settlers who made a lasting impression upon the fortunes of the growing town was Dr. Benjamin Barton, who came to California from his southern home in 1854, locating first in Los Angeles County, but in '57 he cast his lot with the people of this valley, purchasing from the Mormon elders, Lyman and Rich, the tract known as the "Old San Bernardino Mission," which included about 1000 acres of land. He gradually extended his purchases until he was one of the largest land holders in the valley.

He built an adobe on the corner of C and Fourth streets, which he occupied as a drug store. The doctor engaged in the practice of his profession and the record of his success in that is written in the hearts of many grateful patients, who testify to his tenderness and skill as a practitioner.

Dr. Barton was elected to the Assembly in '61-'62, but soon retired from public office to devote himself to the duties devolving upon him from his large landed interests. His interest in the progress of education led him to fill the office of Superintendent of Schools for a time, but he finally retired from all outside work, living a delightful family life in the home he had prepared for his beloved wife and children. In January, 1899, he answered the summons to "come up higher." His widow and several children are valued members

of the community today. His son, H. M. Barton, is now mayor of the city.

Among others who came at this time were the Rev. Isham Fuqua, a Baptist preacher, and Rev. A. L. Bateman, a Methodist minister. Through the influence of the latter, Prof. Ellison Robbins, my husband, and I were induced to come to Los Angeles from Santa Clara to open a high school, but not finding the people ready for such an enterprise, my husband was about to return to Santa Clara when he received an invitation to come to San Bernardino to take charge of the public schools of the city.

A brief sketch of Mr. Robbins' life may prove of interest here.

Ellison Robbins was the son of Ephraim and Elizabeth Robbins, born near Unadilla Center, Otsego County, N. Y., Oct. 8, 1820. His boyhood was spent on a farm with no educational advantages but the public school until he was twenty-one. At his father's death he received \$100, with which sum he started out to prepare himself for his life work. He entered the Gilbertsville Academy, where he fitted himself for college, graduating from Hamilton College in 1849.

In 1850 he came to California by steamer, crossing the isthmus. He went to work in the mines, but lost his labor there, his partner defrauding him of his first \$1000. His second venture was carrying provisions to the immigrants crossing the plains. On one of these trips a young man who was one of the company died and was buried by moonlight on the lonely plain. The scene made a deep impression upon the mind of Mr.

Robbins and in a letter he sent me the following lines, adapted from "The Burial of Sir John Moore:"

"BURIAL IN CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 10, 1850.

"Gently we laid him down to rest  
In his silent grave alone ;  
No coffin lid did we close o'er his breast,  
We reared no sepulcher stone.

"In the twilight we hollowed his lonely bed,  
By the moonlight we laid him there ;  
By the moonlight we covered his quiet head,  
And raised his grave with care.

"Not a hymn was sung, not a prayer was said,  
No word of sorrow spoken,  
And our thoughts were not more of the pale, still  
dead,  
Than the hearts that would soon be broken.

"For we thought of his far distant home in the west,  
Where his mother and sister abide.  
Abide in the hope of again being blest  
With the presence which now is denied.

"And how little they know that brother and son  
Has gone to his last, long rest.  
And can never, no never, no never return,  
To that far distant home in the west.

"Alas ! when the tidings, sad tidings shall come  
To that mother and sister bereft,  
There'll be sighing and grief in that once happy home  
Which the wanderer forever hath left."



Postage on letters at that time to and from the eastern states was forty cents a letter. One letter contained a nugget of gold, and that being overweight, cost eighty cents. I had a brooch made of the nugget, which today is dearer to me than rubies.

Mr. Robbins was a professor in the Methodist College at Santa Clara about three years. In May, 1854, he left Santa Clara to visit his home in New York, going by the way of Louisiana to meet me, whom he had not seen for four long years. I was then teaching in a plantation in Plaquemine Parish on the Mississippi river, forty miles below New Orleans.

Mr. Robbins arrived at Plaquemine Parish on the 5th of June, 1854. The next evening we were married in the pretty Episcopal church, the bride's brother, Rev. A. B. Russell, officiating. The next morning, after final partings from all the dear ones in the south, we took the steamer up the Mississippi river to Alton, from thence by rail to Toledo, across Lake Erie to Niagara Falls, thence by rail to our old home, where a joyful greeting awaited us.

The summer passed all too quickly, and the last of October we turned our faces toward California, which was to be our home; the little melodeon, the husband's gift to his bride, had been started by freight around Cape Horn.

The cost of the passage by steamer at that time was \$300 each. The route was across the Isthmus at San Juan del Norte and Nicaragua, twelve miles of which had to be traversed by land on the back of mules, with a night's camping on the coast. Mr. Robbins suc-

ceeded in getting a wagon to take me across the land, as I had been very seasick during the entire voyage. We paid \$5 for a room for the night at the coast, the furniture of which consisted of a bed, a chair, a washstand with bowl and pitcher. The walls were decorated, not with paintings nor etchings, but with immense black spiders. Still it was a change and we rested unharmed and were ready for our second venture on the briny deep.

The next day the steamer arrived from San Francisco and found the passengers anxiously waiting to continue their journey, and the cry, "all aboard," was a welcome sound. How were we to reach the ship? There was neither wharf nor small boats, but we were borne through the water to the vessel on the backs of natives. We reached Santa Clara the day before Thanksgiving, after a journey of twenty-four days. That Thanksgiving day is a memorable one to me, as early in the morning I received a gift of a quart of white strawberries, the first I had seen; and later we were entertained at a turkey dinner at the home of Dr. Saxe, who was afterwards our physician.

Mr. Robbins established a select school in Santa Clara, which he taught until the summer of 1857, when he was induced to go to Los Angeles by Rev. A. L. Bateman, as before stated. Mr. Robbins was a member of the Sons of Temperance, and delivered lectures on the important topics of the day.

In May, 1855, our hearts were gladdened by the birth of a beautiful boy, Eugene Ambrose. He was a bright, attractive child but his fond parents were permitted to

enjoy him less than four brief years. In December, 1858, the Heavenly Father took him to a brighter home, to dwell among the angels.

In January, 1858, we came by stage to San Bernardino, in answer to the call of Dr. Barton, as before mentioned. The town contained only three small stores; one owned by Louis Jacobs was located in the house which afterwards became his home, near the corner of C and Fourth streets; Calisher's, on one corner of the same streets, and Auker's, on Third. Dr. Benjamin Barton had a drug store in an adobe on C and Fourth. He was also postmaster, the postoffice occupying part of his store. He was succeeded by Dr. J. C. Peacock, who removed the postoffice and the drug store to the corner of Third and D streets.

Eastern mails came only once a week, and were brought by steamer to San Pedro, thence to Los Angeles and from that point to San Bernardino by stage. Los Angeles mails were received weekly.

The houses were mainly small adobe dwellings, except one called "The Harem," on C street near the hotel. It was built by the Apostle Lyman for his four wives and their families, and in this house he resided until called to Utah. This building was burned soon afterwards and later the Wozencroft house was built on the spot.

There were two adobe school houses, with a bell, on Fourth street between C and D. Prof. Robbins taught the public school in one of these buildings, called the Washington room, and I took charge of the primary

department in the other, which was known as the Jefferson, there being over one hundred pupils.

Our deep interest in our pupils induced us to open a Union Sunday School. We felt that moral teaching should go hand in hand with the mental. To this Sunday school we carried the little melodeon which had been brought around the Horn. Prof. Robbins being a good singer taught the children music and I accompanied them on the melodeon. We gave monthly concerts with recitations by the children. In addition to this the young people met once every week at our house to enjoy singing and social intercourse. These were pleasant occasions, entirely free from formality or display, and were enjoyed as much by the teachers as by the young people. These children were gathered in from all families, representing Protestants, Catholics, Mormons and Spiritualists.

The children of the public school proved to be bright and proficient, though some were only in their first or second year of school, and Mr. Robbins and I greatly enjoyed our labors among them.

Life was not all a work-a-day existence; many pleasures were interspersed, such as May Day picnics, Fourth of July celebrations, etc. One of these May Day picnics stands out most vividly among "the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall." It was the first crowning of a May queen in San Bernardino. The first of May, 1858, found all the pupils ready to enjoy their May Day picnic. A queen, king and bishop and flower-girls had been chosen. Nine o'clock, the appointed hour, found them all at the school house;

the pretty queen, Laura Brown (daughter of Mr. John Brown, one of the pioneers), wore a white satin dress, daintily trimmed, and white kid slippers. The flower-girls were beautiful in pure white, with their lovely spring blossoms; the king with his crown, and the bishop wearing the insignia of his office. These, followed by all the school, proceeded to the grove located near Tippecanoe station, near the banks of the Santa Ana river, on what is now the Motor road leading from San Bernardino to Redlands.

Let us pause a moment and enjoy the hour with that little band of happy children on their first May Day gathering. Oh! the exuberance of joyous youth, bubbling forth like the rippling, sparkling water of the little mountain stream!

The flower-girls, while strewing the pathway of their queen with flowers, repeated in concert the song written for the occasion:

“BRING FLOWERS.”

“Bring flowers of every size and hue to deck our  
Queen of May;

Let's throw aside the cares of life and pass a happy  
day.

I know I am a little girl, but still my heart is glad  
To meet so many people here, and none look very  
sad.

“We go to school and study hard and have no time  
to play,  
So 'tis but right that we should have a happy First of  
May.

Our teachers, too, are here, I see, each with a smiling  
face—  
To them I make my tiny bow and beg a moment's  
grace:

"To thank them for the pains they take to teach us all  
to learn.  
'Knowledge is power'—if we try 'tis the reward we'll  
earn.  
Bring flowers, then, and strew them in the path of each  
today;  
And music, too, to celebrate the glorious First of  
May.

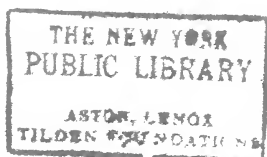
"The First of May for many a year has sported song  
and flowers;  
Then weave a wreath, a bright, gay wreath, from  
Flora's sunny bowers  
And crown our queen and let each voice ascend to God  
on high,  
That He will take us in His care and crown us from  
the sky."

Under the spreading branches of a majestic tree the queen was crowned with a garland of roses, after which came responses from the king and queen with thanks for the honor conferred upon them, all being composed by Prof. Robbins.

A May-pole and a swing added much to the enjoyment of the happy children. The grove resounded with the joyous laughter and glee of the merry throng. At 12 o'clock the program changed; parents and all gathered around the festive board, loaded with such a variety of good things as to tempt even an epicure.



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No pen could portray the enjoyment of that hour, but be assured they were all the more ready for fun and frolic the remainder of the day.

All too soon came the call for families and teachers to separate, and go to their homes, having had a joyful time long to be remembered.

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There was much pleasant intercourse among the different families in those pioneer days, but there were also anxious hours for all. Rumors of an intended invasion made people feel insecure and it was agreed that the ringing of the schoolhouse bell in the night should be the signal for the men to gather for defense.

Of course, all were on the lookout for happenings and if for any reason suspicions were aroused the bell was rung, and wives were left anxiously waiting and wondering until the return of their husbands. A gun fired in the night brought the same result, but I am glad to chronicle there were no disastrous events.

The Fourth of July of the same year was a great occasion. A procession of men and women, boys and girls marched to Garner's Grove to celebrate the welcome anniversary of a nation's birth. The Declaration of Independence was read by John Brown, Jr., then a young lad, one of our pupils, and patriotic addresses were delivered by Mr. Robbins, William Heap and Q. S. Sparks. These addresses were of lasting benefit to the young hearers, as they kindled the fires of patriotism on the altars of their hearts and made them

feel it a glorious thing to be heirs of such a splendid inheritance.

After the speeches, a feast of good things was spread under the trees and the grove resounded with the merry laughter and frolic of the children, while the older people spent the time in happy converse.

These celebrations, beginning in so primitive a manner, were kept up for many years as annual festivals for the schools, especially May Day picnics, which at this date are held each recurring year under the auspices of the pioneers. To show that their popularity has not diminished, I copy from the minutes of the society:

"In 1902 Mrs. E. P. Robbins-Crafts was crowned 'Queen of the May' at Urbita Springs by John Brown, Jr., one of her old pupils, who was the bishop on this occasion. The addresses and responses used were all composed by Prof. Robbins in '58."

Four years later another coronation occurred. "Mother" Bottoms, a lady of 80 years, was crowned with all the usual ceremonies at the same place. De La M. Woodward officiated as bishop. The venerable lady entered heartily into the spirit of the day, and received the congratulations of her loving subjects most gracefully.

These young people, the pioneers, seemed to enjoy these pleasures with the same zest as in the springtime of life.

## CHAPTER X.

In 1858 my school work was suddenly brought to a close by illness, which also compelled Mr. Robbins to relinquish his position in the public schools, for he devoted himself to me for many months, not resigning me to the care of another day nor night except for a few hours at a time.

Our places in the public schools were filled by William Wozencraft and Miss R. A. Pearson.

My long illness also interfered with the work of the Sabbath school, and it was given up until 1863. Preaching was kept up by the Baptists and Rev. A. L. Bateman of the M. E. church for a year or two. After these ministers removed Mr. Robbins was left alone with the Christian work. For three years he was the only one to perform the last sad rites of Christian burial for the dead.

If by chance a minister passed through the place, Mr. Robbins would prevail on him to preach, calling the people together by ringing the bell, and sending out messengers, often entertaining the stranger in his own home.

Mr. Robbins was the first County Superintendent, being elected in 1860. He was also Deputy County Clerk for a time and afterwards taught the Mill District school.

More ought to be said about the public schools previous to the election of County Superintendent. In 1858 the majority of the teachers in the county were

not as well qualified to fill so high a station as are those of the present day. The trustees, with two teachers, constituted the board of examiners. There were but two first-class teachers, Messrs. Robbins and D. W. Davis. They at once began a work of reform. Poor teachers were dismissed and their places filled with the best that could be found. Mr. Robbins as superintendent so faithfully discharged the duties of his office that good schools soon took the place of poor ones, and harmony was restored where discord had prevailed. The following is an extract from the introduction by Mr. Robbins to the first Educational Convention held in San Bernardino, May, 1862:

"Mr. President, Members of the Association, Ladies and Gentlemen: It was said by a certain wise man some thousands of years since, 'there is no new thing under the sun; that which is, is that which hath been, and that which hath been that which shall be;' but I must beg leave very respectfully to differ from him somewhat, for I do think that an Educational Convention in San Bernardino a new thing; so much so that some of the good denizens of our city and county have been puzzled to know what it meant. Educational conventions, however, as such, are no new thing, but new in this locality."

The first fifty dollars in gold Mr. Robbins received from his office as Superintendent he gave to his wife to spend as she pleased. It was in the spring of 1861, and bees had just been brought to San Bernardino for the first time. In 1855 they were worth one hundred dollars a swarm in Santa Clara, but at the time just

mentioned they sold in San Bernardino for forty dollars per hive. I was not long in deciding to get the bees, for honey is a good medicine. How many men under such circumstances would have indulged in such extravagance? Mr. Robbins' only wish was to add to my pleasure, even if it took his last dollar; so the bees were brought to the house, and in accordance with the custom of the time, were divided and one-half put into a new hive to begin housekeeping anew. The honey taken from the hive weighed eighty pounds, half of which was sold for \$20 cash, the remaining forty pounds we enjoyed with our neighbors. The swarm was again divided in the fall, so we had three swarms, two of which we sold for a buggy. The result was, \$40 gave us not only a swarm of bees, but a buggy and \$20, besides the forty pounds of honey.

We had three years of trial, for my illness lasted that length of time and kept me confined to my bed. But it is in times like these that one learns the meaning of true friendship, and I cherish the fondest memories of the many friends who were so kind and loving during those three long years of affliction, especially the families of Messrs. John Brown, Edward Daley, Dr. Barton and J. W. Wilson; also Mrs. R. A. Hopkins. The little girls, Celia and Nettie Daley (now Mrs. Wall and Mrs. Bright), and Margaret Wilson (now Mrs. Charles Roe), were devoted in their attentions and so companionable that now, after more than forty-six years, they seem to me as my own children.

Then there was Louisa Brown (now Mrs. Byron Waters) who was my daily companion for months, so

sympathetic, loving and helpful that she filled the place of a daughter to me, and at the same time learned her lessons with me as teacher, instead of going to school. Louisa's father was so delighted with her improvement that he sent me a valentine in the shape of a bright half eagle. Mrs. Brown often sent by Louisa some token of loving care, as to a daughter—a loaf of bread, a pie, a nice piece of meat or any delicacy she had, and always included Mr. Robbins in her gift.

A variety of happy incidents could be given as occurring from time to time with many different dear ones, but space forbids; one, however, should not be omitted.

At one of the teachers' picnics I, assisted by Mrs. Hopkins, presented a large, beautifully ornamented cake to the Superintendent and teachers. I, though absent, wishing to have a share in the day's festivities.

The 29th of July, 1861, little Rosabelle came, cheering our hearts with her bright, beautiful eyes and lovely face. This little native daughter received a warm welcome from the pioneers and seemed a God-send to me to comfort me in the trying experiences through which I passed in after years.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE FLOOD.

The fall of 1861 was sunny, dry and warm until Christmas, which proved to be a rainy day. All through the holidays there continued what we would call a nice, pleasant rain, as it often rains in this section for days at a time. This much-needed moisture and wetting of the parched earth lasted until the 18th of January, 1862, when there was a downpour for twenty-four hours or longer. All the flat, from the Santa Ana river to Pine's hotel, was under water, a perfect sea of water, inundating the valley for miles up and down the river, and Lytle creek came rushing down D street, across Third, finding an outlet through an open space into Warm creek. Many families fled in the night to higher ground, losing everything they had stored away for the winter. There were so many families rendered homeless that there was not a house in San Bernardino with one family in it. Some sheltered three or more. The constant rain on the adobe houses turned them to mud and, of course, they fell to pieces. Men were out in that drenching rain all day trying to cover the adobe walls with lumber to protect them. Mr. Robbins saved his home in that way, except the kitchen chimney, which fell with a crash, just as I was arranging to shelter another family of three persons. Everybody was always ready to assist his neighbor in any emergency whatever. In fact there was

true brotherhood among those old pioneers, which through all hardships made life enjoyable.

The growth of the town was rapid and soon a new order of things was evolved. By an Act of the Legislature San Bernardino was made a city in 1858, and J. W. Wilson was the first Mayor. Mr. Wilson was for many years closely identified with the offices of the city as the following from his son, Warren Wilson, will show :

"My father and mother were pioneers of '49 to California, following the well-worn trail over the plains and entering the Golden State by way of Lake Tahoe and down the precipitous sides of the Sierras to Hangtown, thence to Sacramento, where in the suburbs they kept a hotel until the year 1858.

"Disheartened by the lessening production of placer gold, and having no confidence in that section of the country for agricultural pursuits, my father practically decided to emigrate to Central America and embark in the business of raising coffee and other tropical productions. Opportunely, however, the reports came that the Mormons of the San Bernardino Valley, under orders from Brigham Young, were deserting their prosperous and productive farms and going back to Utah to fight with "The Lions of the Lord" against the United States Army, then marching against them.

"My father decided at once to go to the San Bernardino Valley. With his family, consisting of a wife, three sons and two daughters, he established his home on three acres of land on the corner of A and Fifth streets, and here the family remained until he died,



March 3, 1880, at the age of 68, having been quite prominent and active in the stirring times that existed during this period of twenty-two years.

"To begin with, father was the first mayor of San Bernardino. His inaugural speech we have preserved in the original manuscript. He was elected County Clerk and County Recorder when the old courthouse stood on the southwest corner of Fifth and E streets, and his chirography of copperplate clearness and gracefulness will be found in many of the earlier official records. He became, also, an Associate Judge, and though not an attorney, was admitted to the bar. He was possessed of a pleasing judicial temperament and sense of justice that made his decisions respected.

"During the war he entered the government service as Internal Revenue Collector and Government Guager, through all of which public service he served without blemish upon his reputation or fault in his accounts.

"This concludes his public career, except in the minor capacity of school trustee, member of the Board of Education, etc.

"A notable illustration of the loyalty and fearlessness of the pioneers of the valley is demonstrated by the fact that the 'Union League,' an association maintained to preserve the Union, held regular weekly meetings at my father's house during the most perilous period of the war. My father was secretary of the league (George Lord being president thereof), and

kept the records, but they disappeared after his death, much to the disappointment of President George Lord and others, who discovered their historical value too late to preserve them."

## CHAPTER XII.

The year 1861 was memorable to the people of San Bernardino Valley as well as to the whole United States. All men loyal to the stars and stripes banded together in the Union League, Mr. Robbins being one of the number. So many came from Southern States, and of course their sympathies were naturally with the South during the internal warfare which agitated the country from ocean to ocean and from the Great Lakes on the north to the Gulf on the south. Thus though San Bernardino was so far from the seat of the war there was great excitement and anxiety, for Federals and Confederates lived together as neighbors, and yet were as far separated as the difference between the two political parties. At the election in the fall of 1861 there was bitter strife among the leaders on both sides. So bitter in fact that firearms were resorted to between Dr. Gentry, Confederate, and Dr. Ainsworth, Federal, Dr. Gentry being the aggressor. Fortunately no one was hurt. Federal soldiers were stationed here in 1862 to protect the city and surrounding country from any difficulties which might arise. They were withdrawn in the fall of 1863.

The temperance cause was not forgotten by these pioneer workers. The Good Templars was organized and every effort put forth to bring the young in touch with all that was ennobling and uplifting. To this little band, in their weekly meetings, was brought the melodeon, which was always and everywhere ready to enliven with its cheerful music.

The Sabbath school was reorganized in 1863. I have now the handsome banner used on that occasion, together with another painted by one of the teachers, Mrs. Peacock.

On the canvas of the latter is represented the sun rising over old San Bernardino mountain, the valley lying at its feet, and a little schoolhouse in the distance. Over the picture are the words, "Let there be light," written in letters of gold. Did not that picture forshadow the future? Has not the light of the gospel spread over this valley from east to west and from north to south? Surely small beginnings make great endings. The school numbered 160 pupils and 12 teachers. Over one hundred dollars had been given for a library, so the school was well equipped with Bibles and books as well as singing books. Even now, I seem to hear the voices of those happy children, joyfully singing "There is a happy land," "Hold the fort for I am coming," etc., accompanied by the little melodeon. Rev. Mr. Skidmore and M. H. Crafts, of Crafton, were among the workers. Many of those Sabbath school children are today, with their families, members of churches trying to carry out the principles of the gospel in their lives. The Christmas of 1863 was made jubilant by the advent of the first Christmas tree, and the whole town joined in the making of this festive time. Taney Woodward, Horace Clark and Harry T. Payne went to the mountains for a fine Christmas tree, which was placed in the Jefferson schoolhouse. How old Santa Claus decorated that tree and filled its branches with every imaginable

keepsake that he could find! That was the first pine tree known to bear apples and oranges at the same time, for it was a rarity at that early day to see either apples or oranges, though peaches were abundant. Nearly every one present received some token of remembrance from Santa. Mr. Robbins' present to me was a bureau placed under the tree, one of the first brought to the city. It cost \$25.

At this memorable time, Mr. Robbins was teaching in San Salvador District, now South Colton. The schoolhouse was in an adobe dwelling-house, one room of which was fitted up for the training of the Spanish youth, as there was but one American family in the district. In January, 1864, plans were laid for building a Union church, as the school houses were too small to accommodate the large Sunday school. All were ready to help and arrangements nearly completed, when Mr. Robbins was taken ill with pneumonia. In February, after twelve days of anxious watching by the loved ones, amid hope and fear, he was suddenly called home to that better and brighter realm, though "he felt his work was not done" here. The 2nd of March, 1864, San Bernardino was in mourning. Their leader was taken from them. They felt sad and alone. A large concourse of friends followed him to his last resting place the 4th of March, 1864—on the same day that Starr King was buried in San Francisco. Allow me to copy here, from the *San Bernardino Index*, a tribute to his memory, written by one of his scholars August 16, 1864:

“Mr. Robbins died on the 2nd of March, 1864, while acting as County Superintendent. He died in the midst of his labors. His work was not done, but he was ready to answer the dread summons. Patient in suffering, he closed his eyes saying ‘I trust I shall receive an abundant entrance into the Kingdom of God.’ His epitaph on his tombstone in our cemetery reads: ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth.’ Thus passed away this good man, whose whole life was devoted to making men better and leading them to an upright and true life—himself, by his life, setting the example.

“His everyday motto seemed to be:

“‘For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.’

“As a fit conclusion to this tribute we give here the names of Mr. Robbins’ Sunday school roll, made out with his own hands, which roll or list is still preserved as a keepsake, from which those of his pupils and teachers, who may chance to see this book, may note the many changes that have taken place among our members since we gathered around him in those old schoolhouses, many years ago, and who now wish to revere and bless his memory.”

CLASS NO. I—MRS. ROBBINS, TEACHER.

Hannah Huston  
Bell Huston  
Lucy Dickson  
Melinda Wallace

Celia Daley  
Mary Seely  
Margaret Wilson  
Lucia Huntington

Linnora Boren	Loami Daley
Ann Keir	Will Goodcell
Ellen Jackson	Henry Goodcell, Jr.
Marion Keir	Harry Payne
Maryette Parrish	George Crafts
Robert Huston	W. P. Cave
De La Montaigne Wood-	D. R. Payne
ward	Wm. Peacock
John Brown, Jr.	W. L. Peacock
E. R. Peacock	

## CLASS NO. II—MRS. AMES, TEACHER.

Margaret Keir	Orissa Thorn
Deborah Woodworth	Sarah Moore
Mary Keir	Susan Boren
Margaret Payne	Aurelia Stoddard
Carrie Crow	Annetta Daley
Jane Cadd	Louisa Brown
Mary Curtis	Emma Seely
Jennet Woodworth	Annette Ames
Henrietta Curtis	Mary Crow

## CLASS NO. III.

Evaline Stoddard	Susan Thorn
Mary Boren	Sierra M. Clark
Adaline Yager	Emma Huston
Alice Ann Gregory	Elizabeth Parrish
Hilah Wight	Emma Crow

## CLASS NO. IV—MRS. DICKSON.

Laura McDonald	Caroline Seely
Myra Daly	Sylvia Brown

Teresa Cochrane	Olive Button
Annie Heap	Caroline Bingham
Margaret Logsdon	Annie Henderson
Alice Blackburn	Mary Keller
Mary Highmore	

## CLASS NO. V—ELIZABETH FOLKS, TEACHER.

Aurelia Curtis	Francis Woodworth
Mary Brown	Emily Blackburn
Laura Johnson	Isabel Heap
Adaline Yager	Licetta Blackburn
Althea Bottoms	Hattie Stoddard
Florence Wilson	Isabel Seely
Emma Ames	

## CLASS NO. VI.

James Peacock	Lemuel Logsdon
Levi Blackburn	David Wixom
Wilford Boren	Hyrum Clark
Charley Wixom	LaFayette Parrish
Joseph Brown	Phineas Daly
Augustus Yager	William Moore
Randolph Seely	George Fulgham
Roy Parrish	Edward Daley
Alvah Downey	

## CLASS NO. VII—DAVID SEELY, TEACHER.

Chancey Wixom	Samuel Mathews
Edwin Dickson	Montague Whitlock
Nelson Crandall	Henry Wilson
Edgar Wilson	Matthew Moore
John Blackburn	David Miller



## CLASS NO. VIII—W. S. CLARK, TEACHER.

Moses Daly	John Moore
George W. Dickson	Charles Bottom
Frank Yager	Thomas Harris
Thomas Blackburn	Eugene Whitlock
John Huntington	

## CLASS NO. IX—J. W. WILSON, TEACHER.

John Daly	B. Clark
John Stutchberry	Charles Blackburn
John McDonald	Edwin G. Baker
S. Nickerson	Jeffie Daly
Jesse Buck	William Curtis

## CLASS NO. X—MRS. WILSON, TEACHER.

Thomas Peacock	James Clark
Frank Wellman	Stephen Clark
William H. Clark	Daniel Gilbert
James Clark	Hiram Stone
Luther Crandall	Alfred Heap
John Bottoms	John Stone
Robert Bingham	Willie McDonald
George Clark	Eli Curtis
George Moore	Osso C. Tripp

## CLASS NO. XI—MRS. BLACKBURN, TEACHER.

Perry Blackburn	Shasta Tripp
John Mayer	Warren Wilson
Byron Blackburn	John Cochrane
Charles Tripp	Joseph Baker
Dudley Yager	Henry T. Bingham
John S. Baker	Robert W. Bingham

Thus I, who in my weakness had so long leaned on my husband's strong arm, was not only suddenly left alone, but at the same time my darling Belle was lying unconscious with pneumonia, and for two weeks was at death's door, but the dear Heavenly Father pitied the broken-hearted mother and gave me back my darling to cheer and comfort me all through those disconsolate hours. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be" was verified in my experience.

When the child had sufficiently recovered, I decided to finish my husband's school, so suddenly deprived of its teacher. To do this, I took the necessary outfit for housekeeping and lived in the same adobe house where the school was, my only companion being little Belle, two and a half years old; though Saturdays and Sundays were spent at my home in San Bernardino. I found my horse and buggy a great help in this time of sore trial.

Oh! those terrible, lonely nights down there, when I was often kept awake by the barking and howling of the coyotes around the house, so far from anybody it seemed; yet across the road there lived a Spanish lady, Mrs. Slover, who was kind and good as a mother. Slover mountain received its name from this family.

A month later, the last of April, little Belle was again very ill, with pleurisy, and but for the constant and watchful care of Dr. Peacock for forty-eight hours, with God's blessing upon his efforts, there would have been another sad parting. "Behind every dark cloud there is a silver lining," so I had much to sustain and comfort me, in the restoration of my child.

Dr. Peacock was unfailing in his watchful, tender care of me and mine, through all my trying experiences, assisting in every way, while dear Mrs. Peacock was like a sister, and for many years afterward our homes were to each other as one family.

Dr. Peacock's kindness to the poor knew no bounds; he was always alert to help suffering humanity, and his upright character endeared him to all. During his long residence in the county he was identified with every movement that had for its object the bettering of conditions in the community.

For fifteen years he had charge of the county hospital, leaving a record for devotion to duty and love of his brother man.

The school finally completed, duties were again assumed in my San Bernardino home. I had one friend, M. H. Crafts, who had been to me and my husband a brother and a Christian co-worker; a man of sterling worth and Christian integrity. In time, we together took up the good work begun, but which had been so suddenly wrapt in gloom, aiming to devote our entire energies, with God's help, to the building up of Christ's kingdom in this beautiful valley.

#### M. H. CRAFTS.

Myron H. Crafts, a descendant in the sixth generation of Elihu Crafts, who was one of the pilgrims brought over by the Mayflower, was born at Whately, Mass., in August, 1816. When thirteen years of age he left school and "struck out" to make his own fortune. He went to New York City and was for some

time a clerk in a dry goods store, but eventually went into business on his own account and was also in partnership with his brother, George Crafts. Leaving the metropolis, he was for a number of years in business with Leonard Woods, at Enfield, Mass., where, in 1843, he was married to Miss Miranda Capen, of the same place. They had four children, three of whom are now living—Mrs. Ellen Woods Meachem, Harry G., and George H. Crafts. After marriage he returned to New York, where he became one of the originators of the Five Points Mission, and where he remained in business until he went to Jackson, Mich., in 1853. After his store in that place had been burned three times, "on account of his abolition principles," he went to Dimondale, in the same State, and opened up another store and engaged in the real estate business. In this place his wife died, September 14, 1856. Soon after her death he went into a bank in Lansing, which place he left to become cashier of a bank in Detroit. In 1861 he resigned his position and came to California and to Crafton.

At this time a collegiate school had been opened by J. C. Alsop, who taught from August 25, 1863, until 1867.

The Catholic Sisters established St. Catherine's Academy in 1870. The brick building on the corner of Fifth and E streets was built for that school.

Paine's Academy and Business Institute was opened in 1873 by Prof. E. R. Paine, to give the young an opportunity to acquire a business education.

The Sturges Academy was opened in 1883, and gave courses in commercial, normal and literary studies.

Private schools were early taught. I remember the Hicks' school, also that of Mrs. Nisbet, and later Miss Bennett (now Mrs. Henry Goodcell) taught a small private school.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### RELIGIOUS WORK.

Religious work in this valley had its origin in the little Sunday school to which I have alluded, although there had been occasional missionary meetings held by the Rev. Mr. Burns, Rev. Mr. Taylor and Rev. Mr. Ellis coming from Los Angeles or El Monte. These meetings were held in the adobe school house, under the auspices of the M. E. Church, South. This church can claim the honor of being the pioneer Protestant church in San Bernardino.

Sometime in the year 1863 a church was organized, and in 1866 a lot was purchased and a house built where St. Paul's M. E. church now stands on Fifth street.

The charter members were Joshua S. Beam, Ellen Beam, Rachel Tipton, D. A. Covington, Melinda Covington, Mrs. Dr. Barton, William Cave, George Craw, Elizabeth Craw, J. B. Glover, Elizabeth Glover, Eliza Eggloff, Betty Harris, William Hughes.

Under the ministry of Father Glover the church made great progress, as the upright character of this man of God brought about a feeling of loyalty and unity seldom excelled.

This early, historic church was in time sold to the Christian church, and a new and more commodious building erected. A parsonage has recently been added.

The Sunday school has always received the fostering care of this church and Home and Foreign Missions are never neglected.

## THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

In 1865 M. H. Crafts induced the Home Missionary Society of San Francisco to send a Congregational minister to San Bernardino, and Rev. J. A. Johnson began preaching July 11, 1866, to a small audience of thirty, but the number of his hearers increased constantly until his resignation the following December.

At a meeting held in November, 1866, it was resolved to organize a church, but to the disappointment and surprise of his people, when Mr. Johnson arrived at the meeting he announced his intention of removing to Santa Barbara. It was decided to defer organization until another minister could be secured. The final step of church organization was not long delayed. Rev. Dr. Warren, superintendent of Home Missions for California, came to the rescue, assured them that another minister should be speedily supplied, and assisted in the organization of a church of ten members.

February 17, 1867, Rev J. H. Warren, of San Francisco, assisted by Rev. A. Parker, of Los Angeles, completed the organization of the "First Congregational Church of San Bernardino." The charter members were: M. H. Crafts, Mrs. M. H. Crafts, Joseph Rowell, Joseph Logsden, Martin Logsden, Mrs. Nancy Dickson, Mrs. Eliza Peacock, Mrs. C. L. Douglas, Mrs. A. C. Perdew, Mrs. Martha Bowland.

Rev. B. S. Crosby succeeded Rev. J. A. Johnson. The first southern Congregational Association was held here in the courthouse, March 8, 1868. Rev. A. Parker, of Los Angeles, Rev. J. A. Johnson, of Santa

Barbara, and Rev. B. S. Crosby, of San Bernardino, were the only Congregational ministers in Southern California. At this Association M. H. Crafts was ordained deacon, which office he held until his death. Joseph Rowell was also ordained deacon at the same meetings.

Several changes of pastors occurred, but November 6, 1875, Rev. James T. Ford began his pastorate, preaching in "Boren's Hall" on D street. The affairs of the church began to prosper, many additions had been made to the membership, and in December, 1875, it was decided to make an effort to build a house of worship, the building to cost \$1500 above the foundation.

M. H. Crafts gave the lot for church and parsonage, on the corner of D and Fifth streets, where the church and parsonage now stand as a monument to the courage and zeal of these pioneer settlers.

Dr. Winchester, Truman Reeves, W. R. Tolles, Deacon Uriah Thompson, Deacon M. H. Crafts and Rev. J. T. Ford were the building committee to solicit subscriptions and carry on the work.

Where was the money for such an undertaking? Faith with works always succeeds when we strive to accomplish God's requirements. All gave what they could and obtained help from eastern friends. Col. Tolles' brother-in-law gave \$350; Miss S. Bayly, of Hudson, N. Y., \$100, and the Congregational Church Building Society loaned \$500.

John M. Morris laid the foundation. In due time the edifice was completed, a plain, substantial building





MYRON H. CRAFTS



with a basement. The ladies furnished the church and the glad day came for the dedication of the second Protestant church erected in Southern California, May 7, 1876.

Dr. Warren, of San Francisco, Rev. D. T. Packard, of Los Angeles, assisted Rev. J. T. Ford in the services. Dr. J. W. Hough, of Santa Barbara, preached the dedicatory sermon, text: "Ye are the temple of the living God." All nature seemed to join us in our glad rejoicing, for it was one of May's sunniest days. The building was dedicated free of debt, costing \$1880.

M. H. Craft's Sunday school class of the First Congregational church of Jackson, Mich., presented a pretty silver communion service. After a pastorate of eight years Rev. J. T. Ford resigned his charge to take the office of superintendent of Home Missions for Southern California, leaving a prosperous and united people, the church being nearly self-supporting. Mr. Ford was beloved by the entire community and it was with deep regret that his resignation was accepted.

With succeeding years the congregation outgrew the small building, and in 1893 it was found necessary to enlarge and improve the church. Among those who gave generously to the movement was Mr. J. W. Roberts, who contributed nearly \$1000 to the fund. A Listz organ was donated, and a furnace, with other substantial improvements, was added.

Meantime a handsome parsonage had been built, and both church and parsonage assumed their present appearance.

The Ladies' Aid Society was organized May 7, 1871, and can claim the honor of being the first society of the kind in Southern California.

Among the early zealous workers of this church were: Mrs. Emma Davidson, Mrs. Eliza Peacock, Mrs. M. H. Crafts, Mrs. R. A. Davis, Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. John Morris, Mrs. W. R. Tolles, Mrs. Truman Reeves, Mrs. Laura J. Morse, Mrs. Deacon Crawford, Mrs. A. H. Hart, Mrs. W. D. White, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Muscott.

The Ladies' Home and Foreign Missionary Societies were organized in connection with the church and there have been liberal contributions to all benevolent objects, either in the cause of education or religion.

The Sunday school has been a very prominent part of the work of the church. Mrs. R. A. Hopkins took charge of the primary class for several years, in the basement, and was much beloved by all.

A Chinese mission was organized by Miss Emeline Bradford, November 15, 1882, in the basement of the church. She acted as leader for four years and her work resulted in bringing several of her class into the church. Miss Bradford, the daughter of Deacon D. M. Bradford, is now Mrs. C. H. Davis. Under the leadership of Deacon D. M. Bradford, as chairman of the trustees, the church enjoyed its most prosperous years, both financially and spiritually.

Rev. C. H. Davis, son-in-law of Deacon Bradford, was identified with this church for twenty-one years. He supplied the pulpit when necessary and was

a liberal supporter of its finances. He was always ready to assist in every cause for the upbuilding of the church and the community in which he lived.

#### THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

The First Baptist Church in San Bernardino was organized November 10, 1886, with the following members: Rev. I. C. Curtis and wife, Dr. Benjamin Barton, Mr. William F. Shakelford and wife, Mrs. Huldah Johnson, Mr. John Culbertson, Mr. Ezra Kerfoot, wife and daughter. Revs. Fuqua, Friar and Freeman were present and assisted in the organization.

Mr. William F. Shackelford was elected deacon and Mr. Ezra Kerfoot clerk. Rev. I. C. Curtis was elected pastor for one year, and they held their services on the third Sunday of each month in the South Methodist church, that building having been built by the Baptists and Methodists with the understanding that both should use it for their meetings. The Rev. Curtis served the congregation for three years.

For the next three years, the church was without a pastor, but occasional services were held by Revs. Fuqua and Freeman.

About this time the Methodists gave notice that they wanted the exclusive use of the church building, so the congregation accepted the invitation of Dr. Allen, who lived on the corner of F and Seventh streets, to meet at his home. In September, 1872, Rev. G. W. Allen, of Ohio, was elected pastor, the Home Missionary Society contributing to his support. A hall in the

Anker block was rented and a Sabbath school organized.

January, 1876, the church bargained for and made a large payment on a lot, but business depression following they allowed the lot to revert to the owner. In July, '77, Rev. G. W. Allen resigned his pastorate.

In 1880 the Rev. Chas. Button came to Riverside and acted as pastor to the congregation in San Bernardino. Through his efforts \$500 were raised towards building a church, and a lot was secured on West Third street. The members of the church worked zealously to raise the necessary means, and those who had no money gave the labor of their hands. The church was built and the women determined to furnish it. They organized a society and raised over \$400, which was devoted to buying the necessary furniture. The motto of this society of devoted women was, "Work, but No Gossip."

With passing years, the congregation outgrew the little church and today they enjoy the distinction of owning the handsomest and best appointed church building in the city. Their Sunday school is unusually large, and all the societies in connection with the church are prosperous.

#### THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. James Cameron, a Presbyterian minister, arrived in San Bernardino on the 29th of August, 1874, and preached his first sermon here September 6th in the M. E. Church, South.

The First Presbyterian Church of San Bernardino

was formally organized by him on November 1, 1874. He had been preaching since September 6th in the M. E. Church. South, but the first church rented the Knights of Pythias Hall and held their services there. The church was reorganized December 4, 1881, by S. F. Frotheringham, D. D.

Soon afterward the congregation began to plan for a building of their own. Their efforts were successful and in 1885 they completed and dedicated a house of worship free from debt, on the corner of E and Church streets, facing the park. This was accomplished under the pastorate of Rev. Hiram Hill.

Later a Sunday school room was added and a parsonage built on the adjoining lot.

Dr. William Craig was one of the first members and the first elder of the church. For fifty years Dr. Craig held the office of an elder in the Presbyterian church, in the various places in which his lot was cast, and was a vital, active force in church work in Southern California.

This church has a mission and a chapel near the Santa Fe shops.

The Sunday school is large and flourishing, numbering over 300.

#### METHODIST CHURCH.

The mission work of the First M. E. Church was begun in 1867, and Rev. L. M. Leihy was appointed the preacher. The church was organized in 1869 by Rev. A. L. Bateman. Charter members: Stephen Bookout, Martin Logsdon, Mary Logsdon, P. A. Logs-

den, John S. Leihy, Ruth Leihy, Rachel Pike, William Rader, Sarah J. Sawyer, Clarissa A. Smith, J. Y. Anderson, Dr. J. C. Peacock, Elizabeth Peacock, John H. Pettit, Jane Pettit and B. Valentine.

Dr. J. Peacock presented the church with a lot and a small house, which he fitted up and furnished as a chapel, on the east side of D street, between Second and Third streets. He also gave a bell to the church. J. Y. Anderson was the first superintendent of the Sunday school and for twenty years clerk of the congregation.

Dr. and Mrs. Peacock were the main financial support of the church for many years.

The affairs of the church prospered and in 1887 they purchased the lot on the corner of E and Sixth streets and erected a brick church at a cost of \$30,000. Later a parsonage was added and a large pipe organ installed in the church.

All the societies connected with church work have been fostered, the Sunday school is large and well officered and that insures the stability of the work.

#### W. C. T. U.

In 1881 Miss Frances Willard organized the W. C. T. U. in the little Methodist church, a work which has steadily grown in importance and whose influence for good is acknowledged throughout the city.

#### CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Catholic church was built in 1871, the first of this faith in the city. It supports parochial schools, a convent and an asylum for orphan children.



Other denominations came in due course of time and erected houses of worship, such as "The Latter Day Saints" and "The Spiritualists."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE BAR OF SAN BERNARDINO.

During the period of Mormon supremacy there was no need of courts of law, as all disputes were laid before the elders, and matters of graver moment were referred to the "Council," from whose decision there was no appeal; but with the advent of the Gentile, courts were established and the machinery of the law set in motion.

The first man who undertook the practice of law in the county was Alden A. M. Jackson, who came from San Francisco in 1854. He was skilful in effecting compromises and settling difficulties out of court. As he preceded the printing press he wrote his own notices, informing the community that he was prepared to draw up deeds, mortgages, notes, or other legal documents and was ready to attend to any legal business for a consideration.

Q. S. Sparks was a criminal lawyer, a natural orator and in demand upon all public occasions.

Samuel R. Campbell was a lawyer of prominence in his Texan home, and soon after coming here was appointed District Attorney to fill an unexpired term.

Bethel Coopwood practiced law with success. As he was familiar with the Spanish language he had many clients among the wealthy Mexicans of that period.

The most noted lawyer of this early time was Henry M. Willis, who came to San Bernardino in 1856. At

first he engaged in farming, occasionally appearing in court, but his fitness for the profession and his ability soon led to his absorption in the law. He filled the position of District Attorney for a time, and in 1871 was elected to the county judgeship, filling the office for two terms. In 1886 he was appointed second Superior Judge. On the expiration of his term he resumed the practice of law and continued it as long as his health permitted.

Mr. Willis married Miss Amelia Benson, daughter of Jerome Benson, one of the early pioneers. His useful and honorable life was closed in January, 1889.

His son, Henry Willis, is practicing law in San Bernardino at this time.

Judge H. C. Rolfe was a true pioneer, coming to this coast when a young man and taking an active part in the struggles of the stormy, early days. He was the first white man to drive an ox-team through what is now the finest business street in the city. His opportunities for an education were limited, but by perseverance and industry, he overcame all these difficulties and gained time to study law, to which the bias of his mind inclined. He was admitted to the bar and began the practice of his profession in 1860. His sterling qualities and his undaunted courage led to his election to the office of district attorney, in 1861, which office he filled for two terms. He was the first superior judge of the county and served with distinction.

Very recently, his long, useful and honorable life was closed. All classes of society united to mourn his

departure. To quote from the *San Bernardino Daily Sun*:

"In the death of Judge Horace Cowan Rolfe yesterday at his home in this city there passed away one of the 'grand old men' of this city and county and of Southern California, one of the men who made the great Imperial county what it is today, and a man who probably left a greater imprint on the life and development of the great southland of the Golden State, because of his active career and pronounced character, than any of the early pioneers of this section."

As far as it is possible for one man to fill the place of another, the place left vacant by the passing of John Brown, Sr., is filled by his son, John Brown, Jr., who by nature and education is admirably adapted to the position he occupies in this community. A graduate of St. Vincent's College in Los Angeles, and of the famous Santa Clara College, Mr. Brown, for a number of years, followed the profession of teaching. He became superintendent of schools and also filled the office of president of the board of education, but his strong inclination was to the law. He learned his profession in the office of Judge Rolfe and was admitted to the bar. The friend of the poor and the oppressed he early espoused the cause of the Indians, whose affection for him is boundless.

Kind and considerate to the aged; genial and companionable with the young, Mr. Brown has a wonderful circle of friends. A patriot, he loves to instill patriotism into the minds of the young and to urge the

proper observance of the memorable days of our national existence. His particular pride is in the Society of Pioneers, over which he presides with the greatest tact and ability. He is a leading spirit in all that tends to elevate the tone of the city or to advance its progress.

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## CHAPTER XV.

De La Monaigne Woodward was a young man in the pioneer days, and was a participant in many of the exciting events of those strenuous times, being always on the side of law and order. He took a warm interest in the affairs of the Sunday School, being one of its members. One of the great pleasures of the first Christmas celebration, held in the adobe school house on Fourth street, was due to his efforts. He, with two other young men, brought from the mountains, with two yoke of oxen, the Christmas tree and installed the same in the east school room.

He was one of the organizers of the early school system, and with Prof. Ellison Robbins, John Brown, Jr., and others, took an active part in all public and patriotic celebrations.

Mr. Woodward had the honor of sending the first message over the wires to Anaheim and San Diego as president of the board of trustees of the city of San Bernardino.

In the year 1859 and '60 Mr. Woodward and John Brown, Jr., made 600 gallons of syrup from sugar cane grown on the Brown place, this being the first syrup made for the market in Southern California.

He has also enjoyed the distinction of having served the Pioneer Society as its president.

Among the early settlers in this county Henry Goodcell, Sr., deserves honorable mention. A man of untiring energy, he persisted in the face of obstacles that

would have deterred a fainter heart, and proved his title to be a pioneer. When he cast his lot with the settlers of this valley he aided in every possible way in its development. He set out orange trees and cultivated other fruits. When the town began to grow he established a brick yard and supplied the builders with brick. He led an active life and left behind him a good name.

His son, Henry Goodcell, Jr., occupies an honorable place at the bar of the county, and is known as a man of culture and literary ability.

The art of picture taking was introduced into the county by William Godfrey, who came to California with an emigrant party, driving an ox-team through a journey that lasted six months.

Mr. Godfrey had learned the art of making daguerreotypes in Michigan, and on reaching Hangtown he found a man who had just come to the Golden State having a complete outfit for picture making, which he had brought around the Horn. The gold fever had seized him, so he leased his outfit to Mr. Godfrey, who immediately opened business, being the first person to take a picture with a camera in California.

Mr. Godfrey soon purchased the outfit and then visited different towns to take pictures. In the course of his travels he came to San Bernardino.

Photography soon followed the art of Daguerre, and Mr. Godfrey mastered it. He went to Los Angeles, where he engaged in business, but in '65 he returned to San Bernardino and opened a gallery. His views of the magnificent scenery were in great demand. He

retired from business in 1872. Mrs. Godfrey survives him and is an honored member of many of the leading societies.

Mrs. Godfrey was the daughter of a pioneer family and made the eventful journey across the plains when only a child of four. She has witnessed the great changes which are to many only a story heard from the lips of grandparents.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### NEWSPAPERS.

The first newspaper published in the county was the *San Bernardino Herald*, which was issued first on June 16, 1860, by J. Judson Ames. After a short career the paper changed hands, becoming the property of J. S. Waite. Another transfer was made and the name of the paper was changed to the *San Bernardino Patriot*, under the ownership of E. A. Sherman. But newspaper editing and owning was not a money making venture, and in 1862 the paper died, leaving the city and county without a local paper for a time.

In 1867 *The Guardian* made its appearance, under the management of H. Hamilton, but he was soon succeeded by Sidney P. Waite and F. J. C. Margetson. The paper passed through many experiences and in 1874 was purchased by Arthur Kearney, who issued it as a daily in 1875. But the times were not yet ripe for such an enterprise and *The Guardian* was short lived.

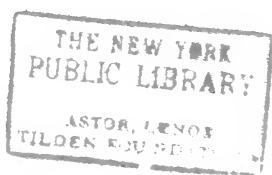
Later, the *San Bernardino Courier* came into existence, under the auspices of the San Bernardino Publishing Co. It was edited by J. H. Lightfoot.

In 1887 an evening paper was launched, *The Gazette*, and at this time the town could boast of a "population of 4000 and four daily papers." This shows how the town had progressed intellectually. These four papers were *The Gazette*, *The Courier*, *The Times* and *The Index*.

At present *The Sun* is the only morning paper printed in the city, and *The Index* an afternoon issue. Both these journals are of high moral tone and their influence is always exerted to advance the fortunes of the city. They are safe papers for the home and the young, though fully up-to-date in all the news of the world.



SAN BERNARDINO COURTHOUSE



## CHAPTER XVII.

### CONCLUSION.

In these pages I have traced the founding and early settlement of this city. The record of the marvelous changes which have been wrought since 1851, is one to look upon with pride.

It is not my province to speak of these later days, but I will briefly contrast the present with the past.

Where the ox-team dragged the unwieldy wagon through the one business street, now the trolley car, propelled by electricity, runs to all parts of the city and connects it with adjacent towns.

Instead of the lonely messenger riding through the night, the telegraph and the telephone bring the world to our doors.

Instead of a few, scattered adobe houses, handsome residences surrounded by beautiful lawns, show the taste and wealth of the citizens. Cozy cottages, nestling under leafy trees, are the pleasant homes of the wage earner.

Where the tallow-dip of the pioneers glimmered through the darkness, electric lights flash from windows and along the streets.

Instead of two little adobe school houses, a splendid system of public schools, crowned with a high school equal to any in the State, gathers its hundreds of learners in modern buildings, supplied with all the requirements for study and research.

To the four pioneer churches have been added all the other denominations, and beautiful houses of worship "point their spires of faith to Heaven."

The little "Council House" is a thing of the past, but a magnificent courthouse, built of granite and marble, challenges the admiration of all beholders.

A fine public library provides mental food for all classes of the community.

Banks and stores, equal to any in the State, offer every facility for the conduct of business.

Where only a narrow trail led through the lonely woods or over the mountains, now steel bands connect us with the distant east, and daily three railroads bring their freight for our commerce, and their passengers to enjoy our climate and test the resources of our county.

Morning and evening papers dispense the news of the world. A board of trade, a fine fire department, a splendid water system, gas and electric companies make this an up-to-date city.

The Santa Fe repair shops of the Pacific Coast, employing about 1500 men, with a monthly pay roll of nearly \$100,000, most of which is expended here, adds greatly to the business advantages of the city.

Good hotels invite the tourist. All the fraternal organizations are represented, many of them owning their own buildings. A beautiful club house, built by the efforts of the members of the Woman's Club, speaks for the intelligence and enterprise of the women. In short, on every hand the signs of progress

are written and little is left to be desired by the home-seeker.

With all these advantages, natural and acquired, who shall predict the future that awaits the fortunate "Gate City"?

## CHAPTER I.

### EASTBERNE VALLEY.

Those of my readers whose knowledge of this beautiful valley is confined to the present, who have known only the magnificent orange groves, the lovely homes nestling among the trees, the wide, clean streets bordered with shrubs and flowers, can hardly realize a time, not so far distant in the past, when all this spacious tract was a scene of nature in her rudest aspects. But, such I have seen and known it, and a brief description of a trip I took in the early sixties will give a faithful portrait of that period and of the development of the valley.

My first trip over the plains of East San Bernardino, now Eastberne Valley, was taken in a buggy in 1862, with my husband, Mr. Robbins, and baby Belle, to visit Crafton, as it is now called. The road led through an arid plain of sage brush, cacti, chapparal and mesquite. Occasionally a rabbit or a coyote crossed our path, but they were the only animals to be seen.

In the distance, at our right, we could see that flowing, bubbling stream known as Mill Creek zanja, which gave life and freshness to everything in its course, bordered by stately trees and underbrush of green.

To the left, as we approached the eastern end of the valley, we could see the Santa Ana river, whose source lies at the foot of the north slope of Mt. San Bernardino, and which flows into the valley through the canyon bearing its name.



Of course the mountains which begirt the valley were the same then as they are today. Soaring heavenward, their ever varying tints charm the eye, whether seen in the rosy light of morning or bathed in the crimson and purple hues of sunset. What pen can portray their majesty? Not mine.

Like a great panorama the chain of mountains that guards this splendid valley unrolled before us, and one by one all the changes which the great Artist works for his children were wrought out before our wondering eyes.

In the extreme eastern part of the valley Mt. San Bernardino lifted his head, rising 10,225 feet above the plain, while a little to the south, and somewhat farther back, San Gorgonio (Greyback) pierced the clouds at a height of 12,000 feet, his lofty brow crowned with the fleecy clouds that gather nightly on his summit.

In the far west "Old Baldy" towered 10,142 feet skyward, his hoary head touched with a soft sifting of snow that remains unmelted through the year; while in the south San Jacinto gathered his purple and silver scarfs around his lofty brow, a veritable monarch.

Other peaks claimed our notice, for as the eye roved from one point to another we could see peaks near or more remote, Lincoln, Garfield and Harrison being most conspicuous. These peaks had received their names from Mr. Crafts, who thus made them imperishable monuments to the memory of those noble patriots.

When the summits of the entire chain are covered with snow the scene is beautiful beyond description.

These everlasting hills and mountains, unchanged through time, unmarked by storm and tempest, stand as sentinels guarding the valley, shielding it from the scorching winds that blow over the desert, drawing moisture from "the cloudy cisterns of the skies," and giving it to the thirsty earth either in the welcome drops of rain, or in feathery flakes of snow, which as it is distributed by springs and streams to the valley below, renders the climatic conditions such as to make this valley a most desirable place in which to live.

Do they not also eloquently speak of the majesty and power of their divine Originator? It is no wonder that a great poet called a mountain a "kingly spirit throned amid the hills," a "dread ambassador from earth to Heaven."

After a most enjoyable drive we reached Altoona ranch, which lies at the extreme eastern section of the horse-shoe bend. It consisted of 450 acres owned by M. H. Crafts, bounded by the foot-hills on the east and south, and penetrated on the northeast by the Mill creek zanja, which flowed west through the different ranches.

Adjoining the Altoona ranch on the west was the Carpenter ranch of 320 acres.

Lewis Cram and brother moved from the mission at Old San Bernardino to the western part of the Carpenter ranch in 1856 or '57, taking with them their proportion of the Mill Creek water, which was the equivalent of the full stream from 3 o'clock p. m. to 9 p. m. every day in the week. At the mission, they had been engaged in the manufacture of chairs, tables and

other furniture, and here they continued their work, using the water power to turn the wheels of their factory. This water they sold in 1858 to L. F. Carpenter and it was the origin of all the water-rights owned in this section.

George Crafts, Senior, purchased the Altoona ranch in 1858, buying a portion of the zanja water of L. F. Carpenter. M. H. Crafts bought the Altoona ranch of his brother George and came here from Detroit, Michigan, in the spring of 1861.

(Deed, 1858, from Lyman, Rich, et al., to M. H. Crafts, County Recorder's office.)

To irrigate these ranches this Mill Creek water was taken out of the stream at the desired points and carried in open ditches to the parts to be irrigated.

A very small stream was allowed to flow perpetually by the house for domestic purposes, with the understanding that the water was to flow back into the zanja, and not to be used for irrigating. This water was distributed to each ranch at regular intervals, according to agreement, from 3 o'clock p. m. to 9 p. m. Altoona ranch used the stream six hours two days in a week. Judge Willis owned the most western of these ranches.

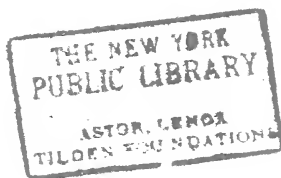
Grain raising, both wheat and barley, was the principal industry at that early date, though vineyards, peach and apple orchards had been set out and were in full bearing in 1865. Mr. Crafts marketed large quantities of hams, bacon and lard. These ranches had a rich loamy soil that could be cultivated at any time.

Another memorable ride was in 1865, when I crossed those plains in my buggy with only my little girl Belle. I was then Mrs. Crafts, and Altoona was my home. Those were very exciting times everywhere, especially in San Bernardino, as it was the close of the Civil War and many southerners lived there.

As the county seat was our nearest postoffice and market, Mr. Crafts went there once or twice every week, leaving home early in the morning and returning by sunset. One Wednesday in May he left home as usual, but did not return. I waited and watched for him until a late hour, thinking he might have been detained on important business. The next morning I sent the hired man to San Bernardino on horseback, telling him I would follow to ascertain the trouble. At the river I met the man returning with the team and wagon. It was considered unsafe for Mr. Crafts to return home alone, unarmed, he having been with the other Federals in San Bernardino on picket guard all night, in the unfinished Catholic church, which was used as a fort.

A company of Confederates had been organized in Visalia to go to Texas by way of San Bernardino, intending to make a raid on the Union men in the latter place to obtain their outfit. Dr. Benjamin Barton, a southern gentleman, being informed of the plot, advised the citizens to defend themselves. Accordingly every man was at his post, on picket duty all over the city, all night, at the time set for the depredations. It was afterwards learned that the scheme failed because





of the unwillingness of the captain to carry out the designs of the party.

We remained at the home of Dr. Peacock, where we were his guests, until Sunday evening, before it was thought best for us to return to our home.

Monday morning we received the sad news of the death of Lincoln. The country was just rejoicing over the victory won, when the tidings of the assassination of our beloved president came to spread a whirlwind of grief over the land. So great was the feeling of anger that if anyone expressed gladness at the intelligence he was forthwith sent to Fort Yuma.

## CHAPTER II.

It was in 1862 that we rode over an arid plain; in 1865 the first orchards and vineyards were bearing bountiful crops, the ranch work being done mainly by Indians, the Cahuillas. Mr. Crafts employed from two to thirteen, as the work required, boarding them. Their food consisted of meat, beans, bread, potatoes, corn and other vegetables in their season. A tin plate of well cooked food was given to each Indian, who took it to his camp (situated back of the place where the Southern Pacific depot now stands) to share with his family.

The only help which could be obtained for household work was the squaws. They were good workers and soon learned from me the domestic arts of washing, ironing, sweeping, dish washing, white-washing and cooking.

During the fruit drying season from seventy-five to one hundred Indians, women and children, congregated at the camp to assist, also incidentally to eat and carry away a large portion to their home at Potrero. The primitive method of drying fruit was as follows: An open level space of ground was selected, where the fruit would be exposed to the hottest rays of the sun. The spot of ground was covered with clean straw, on which the peaches and apricots were carefully spread, the inside of the fruit always exposed to the sun. Bunches of grapes were laid on the straw to dry, but required turning during the drying. This dried fruit



was sold to Louis Jacobs in San Bernardino for eighteen to twenty cents per pound, in exchange for groceries and dry goods. The Indians and their wives were paid fifty cents a day for cutting the fruit, and were paid at this store. But Mr. Crafts found that the Indians by going to San Bernardino traded off a portion of the goods thus earned for liquor or gambled them away, thereby depriving their families of the necessities of life, so to help the Indians he put up a two-story building on the site where the Southern Pacific depot now stands. The lower story was used for general merchandise. The upper story was intended to be used for Sunday school and preaching services. The Indians and children were gathered there in Sunday school for a time. Afterwards they were provided a conveyance to attend at Lugonia. At the same time some of the young Indians were so anxious to learn to read that they asked me to teach them, coming regularly for an hour or two at night and on Sunday. I found them quick to learn and they made good progress in reading and writing. My daughter, Miss R. B. Robbins, taught a small Indian school in 1875, in an old adobe house, the Indians paying her a small amount monthly. Home missionaries often preached to them, sometimes under the trees by the stream, the melodeon helping the music.

Mr. Crafts gave them a spot of ground for a cemetery and taught them Christian burial, making their coffins until they learned to make them for themselves. The coffins were neatly made, lined inside with white and covered outside either with black or white. Their

custom had been to bury their dead in a winding sheet, together with whatever belonged to them, scattering rice and corn over the grave for the departed spirit to live on, after which the wigwam was burned and a new one built for the rest of the family.

They became so attached to the Christian burial service that if no minister was near they would send to Riverside for a clergyman or take their dead there for burial.

While Mr. Crafts lived this problem of helping the Indians seemed to be uppermost in his thoughts, but he found the work neither easy nor at all times pleasant. These Indians belonged to the Cahuilla tribe, living at Potrero, below Banning. Their chief, Cabazon, a centennarian, was a peaceable man, using all his influence over his tribe for their good. He assisted Mr. Crafts more than any other man in keeping peace between his people and the whites. Many a council was held under that grand old pepper tree, with Mr. Crafts and Cabazon as chairmen, consulting with Indian officials as to the best methods to pursue for the welfare of their people, contending with avaricious white men who would rob them of their homes at Potrero, to satisfy their own greed.

Cabazon was a magistrate to decide the marriage question, either to unite or divorce. If two wished to wed they must have Cabazon's approval, and then they were married; but if, from any disagreement, they desired separation, Cabazon's consent divorced them. He came to the ranch every fall during the fruit season. I welcomed him to my kitchen, when the mornings

were cold, gave him coffee and a warm breakfast, after which he went to the front porch and spent the day, where he received attention from visitors, especially our clerical guests.

One instance that caused us much amusement may here be noted. I took a plate of delicious early peaches, all that I had, to Rev. Mr. Atherton and others who were enjoying the fresh air in this favorite place. Before partaking of any themselves, they politely passed the dish to Cabazon that he might take one. He, not understanding American etiquette, took them all and innocently had a sumptuous repast. The clergy really enjoyed the joke.

Every fall Mr. Crafts gave Cabazon a suit of clothes. Once I trimmed for him a silk stove-pipe hat with bright colored ribbon. He was proud of this hat and wore it with a lordly air. We greatly admired this grand old chieftain.

Their wigwams were of the most primitive style, cone-shaped, covered with tule and brush, with a small opening for entrance. The cooking was all done outside. Their original food was tortillas, attula, jerked meat, pinons, etc., but they were not slow in adopting American ways in regard to food.

They seemed to think the ranch was their own, to help themselves to whatever they wanted to supply their larder, not only to all the grain and fruit they wanted, but they carried gunny sack loads to Potrero. Even our sheep were not exempt from their depredations. Sometimes knives, spoons and bread would dis-

appear from our kitchen, but we were never at a loss to know where they had gone.

The women were very strong. Squaws have washed for me, or gathered grapes in the vineyard with a week-old baby strapped to their backs. Drinking hot water was their remedy for any ailment. The Indians had a wee sweat house close to the zanja, in a secluded spot, where they would shut themselves in with a fire until drenched with perspiration, then they would emerge and jump into cold, running water. I have seen mothers bathe their little ones in this stream the coldest mornings in winter, then dry them and wrap them in a blanket, after which the little one would perhaps run about nude the rest of the day.

The old adage was: "Do an Indian a favor and he will never forget it." I found this to be true, but in a different sense. If one worked well and deserved an extra half dollar I could not give it, for that extra would be required ever after.

The men learned to do all farm work and some of them were quite trusty. One young fellow named Peso (dollar) became very helpful, especially with the team work. He ran the mowing machine, took loads of produce to San Bernardino, and was useful at any kind of work. He was ambitious to adopt the white man's ways. Mr. Crafts let him have a room in an outbuilding, where he made a bedstead and a table for himself and wife and learned of me how to make biscuit, after which he would bring his biscuit to me to bake for him.

The main trouble with the Indians was their love of whiskey; they managed to get it, and when drunk they were more like demons than human beings. Though kind husbands when sober, their wives fled from them when drunk, and ran to us for protection. Sometimes they became very quarrelsome and hurt each other almost seriously. I have many times made strong coffee and given it to them to sober them. I was never afraid of them except when they were under the influence of liquor.

One time, when I was alone with my children, Pablo came around drunk. I fastened all the doors and hid. Pablo smashed some of the windows and left when he found he could not enter the house. This spree cost him ten dollars on the return of Mr. Crafts.

When there were seventy-five Indians at the camp, in fruit season, I was not the least timid if accidentally left alone until late at night.

On one occasion I found my husband would necessarily be detained from home all night. I asked old Jose, a trusty fellow, to sleep at the house for my protection. He refused, saying the devil would catch him if he slept in the house; but I passed the night without the least fear. I could give many amusing incidents of my experiences with these people, but space forbids.

Often, in imagination, I see the doctor's wife, Peso's mother, one whom I admired and trusted working faithfully at her tasks. She was called "Old Granny" I suppose because she was good and jolly. I see the Marias weaving their artistic baskets, one of which I have as a memento of those early days. Like dim

figures in a dream the many forms come and go on the canvas of memory. They were all a jovial set. The doctor refused to follow the white man's fashions; when pantaloons were given him by the boarders he would convert them into a blanket. I never heard of any remarkable cures as a result of his practice of the medical profession.

Mr. Crafts earnestly desired to see these people settled in homes of their own, and he carried on a correspondence with officials at Washington, D. C., for years, looking to this end. Through his efforts laws were so changed as to secure this boon, but Mr. Crafts did not live to see his wishes fulfilled.

To resume the thread of my story:

Many vineyards had been planted by this time, and some of the ranchers converted their grapes into wine and brandy, but Mr. Crafts, being a strong temperance man, did not do so.

## CHAPTER III.

### CHANGES.

As time passed there were many changes in the ownership of the ranches.

W. T. Morris and David McCoy bought 106 2-3 acres of the Carpenter ranch, joining the Altoona ranch on the west, and in August, 1866, Mr. McCoy's son, W. McCoy, bought 106 2-3 acres of the same ranch, joining his father's on the west, where he built a house; this ranch was afterwards purchased by Dr. Wm. Craig and C. R. Paine.

The father of B. W. Cave bought the southwest part of the Carpenter ranch in 1868, and Leffingwell the Willis ranch, now owned by Mrs. Bowers. The David McCoy and Morris ranch was owned successively by Raney and Curtiss and the officials of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and finally became part of the estate of M. H. Crafts.

David McCoy was a remarkable man in every respect. Of Scotch parentage, he inherited all the good qualities of his sturdy ancestors. In his boyhood he was at one time a classmate of Washington Irving, but his school days were brief.

His career reads like a romance it is so full of adventure. He was in the battle of the Thames when Tecumseh, the great Indian warrior, was killed; he floated a raft down the Mississippi river before the days of steamboats or cars; he kept a hotel and was postmaster and farmer in Iowa when it was thinly settled.

He came to California in 1862, but did not locate in Southern California until 1866. He lived to the wonderful age of 105 years, retaining his mental vigor to the last.

Mr. Crafts sought distant markets for his produce: San Francisco, Idaho and the mines, sending by team to San Pedro, thence by steamer to San Francisco. To utilize his surplus barley he kept a large number of hogs, and converted them into fine hams, bacon and lard. The wheat was taken to the Davis grist mill, the other side of the river, on the road to San Bernardino, and made into flour for home consumption and market. The mill is still there. He also had a large apiary. The honey, with the comb, was put in tin cans holding two or three pounds each, the cans were sealed and prettily labeled, packed in boxes and shipped. One year 10,000 pounds of dried peaches and twenty-five tons of grapes were marketed.

In addition to the fruit and honey, wool was also shipped in large quantities. The sheep got their living in the foot-hills, being watched during the day by a shepherd and corralled at night. Sometimes wolves found the sheep corral and once a lion made bold to visit our pig sty, but he paid for his rashness, for he was shot, and we kept his tail a long time as a souvenir.

The presence of the sheep led to some pleasant incidents, one of which I will relate. One stormy day in winter a wee lamb was brought to the kitchen almost dead from exposure. I warmed some milk and fed it by having it suck the milk over my fingers. When the little creature was thoroughly warmed it was re-



stored to its normal condition, but we kept it with us to give it the needed care and it soon became a family pet. As it grew older it developed a spirit of investigation which was troublesome, for one day I found to my dismay that it had been examining my basket of ironed clothes and had chewed up a fine collar. This led to its banishment from the house and it was added to the flock. Two years later this flock was put in the orchard, near the house, to eat the weeds, and lo! Nannie at once deserted her fellows, came to the house and greeted me with every mark of affection, proving that she remembered my kindness and was grateful.

#### MY PETS.

Other pets I had which added pleasure to my life. There was Rover, the faithful dog, who seemed almost human in his intelligence. He was always at the door to greet me in the morning, and at night he was the last to wish me "good night" as he came for the bone or the piece of bread I always gave him before closing the door for the night. Rover only needed a word of direction and he was off on his duty. The Yucaipe cattle often came into our fields, and it was only necessary for Mr. Crafts to say, "Rover, there are cattle in the field," when away he would go and drive out every intruder. Sometimes my husband would say, "Rover, go and bring up the cows," and they would be brought to the corral. Such intelligence and such fidelity are not always found.

One night my pet was not at the door to give me the accustomed good night parting, and I missed his joyful

greeting the next morning ; but later he came bounding to the house saying in his fashion "give me my breakfast." Rover had spent the night, supperless, guarding his master's coat and some nails, which had been left, the night before, in the field.

Imagine our grief when this noble animal, so loved by all, came to an untimely end. Poisoned meat had been put in the sheep corral for the coyotes, that committed great depredations, and Rover ate a piece of it. The poor creature came to the door to seek our help, but he was past all aid, the poison had done its work and he soon died. We all mourned him sincerely and my daughter was so reluctant to part with him that she appealed to me, saying: "Mother, do dogs go to Heaven? Shall we never meet Rover again?"

Other hearts have asked the same question. Rover was buried beneath a beautiful tree, where he had often played in life. Had a monument been raised over the mound under which slept such a faithful friend, it might have borne the inscription that England's gifted poet penned for his beloved dog:

"Near this spot  
Are deposited the remains of one  
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,  
Strength without Insolence,  
Courage without Ferocity,  
And all the Virtues of man  
Without his Vices."

Rover was succeeded by Nig, a playful, active fellow, who insisted upon receiving attention. Every little while he would come to the house carrying a chip in his mouth, then he would put his front paws on the

door and give a joyous greeting, as much as to say, "How do you do?" "How are things going today?" On receiving a word of praise he would scamper away, to repeat the performance many times through the day.

The last of our canine pets was Bones, who came to us a forlorn, unhappy creature, almost starved. His wretched appearance gained him his name. We took him in, fed and cared for him and he soon became the most devoted friend and follower of my husband and my main protector. When Mr. Crafts was taken with his last illness Bones missed him and looked for him everywhere. He tried to come in the house to find his master and in every way possible showed his sense of loss. When the end came, Bones was one of the mourners at the funeral, sitting by the coffin and mutely testifying to his grief.

Our horses, too, might well come in the list of pets, for in addition to being useful servants, they were intelligent and kind and responded to the gentle treatment they received. One instance will prove the intelligence of Bill, one of our animals. One of our guests desired to take a trip into the mountains to see a friend, so mounting Bill he rode off. But he had started so late night overtook him before he reached his destination and, not knowing the mountains, he lost his way. Again and again he tried to find his road, but all his attempts failing he decided to leave it to Bill, so giving the horse his head, he gave himself to Bill's guidance. The sagacious animal went on for

awhile, carefully examining his way, but he was soon satisfied that he was on the wrong road and he retraced his way back to the halting place. There he looked around, located the road and started off with new vigor, coming safely home about midnight.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE FLOOD.

I must not forget to chronicle the flood of 1867 and 1868. It was our custom to attend Sunday school and church in San Bernardino every Sunday, taking our lunch and eating it on our way home, under a large sycamore tree. Never was a Sabbath more enjoyed. We as a family always thought of that day as the most pleasant and restful of the week. The Sunday before Christmas of 1867 was cloudy and threatened rain, so I stayed at home with my two children. Mr. Crafts, with his son Harry, went to church, intending to stay all night. The hired man went home across the river, to return in the afternoon. It began to rain before noon. By 3 o'clock there was a down pour, with heavy wind. There were eight horses, two cows and eleven hogs to be cared for and I alone with my two little children, Belle and Charlie. All night the rain fell in torrents, the wind and rain creeping into every crevice. It was a lonely, fearful night. Monday morning came clear, sunny and warm. I knew the Santa Ana river would be impassable for several days, as there were no bridges. I could hear it roaring like the ocean. Mill Creek came rushing and foaming across the plain, carrying everything in its path; even immense boulders went tumbling along like playthings. I had before seen emergencies, so I braced myself for the occasion and determined to master the situation. Jose, one of the ranch Indians at the camp, who was drunk on Sun-

day, was now sober and came to my aid. The hogs were taken out of the mire and given dry quarters. The cows were brought out, but the Indian could not milk and they had never been milked by a woman. There was only one resort. I made myself look as much like Mr. Crafts as possible. The cows smelled the hat and coat and I found the problem solved.

On Tuesday we feared the zanja would come rushing down upon us, but fortunately, at a bend in the stream two miles above, some large rocks lodged one upon another forming a dam, which sent the water dashing across the plain.

I found a boy twelve years old who stayed with me the remainder of the week and Sunday my husband managed to reach home by swimming two streams, one of which was a road changed into a river by the freshet.

It was a happy meeting and you may be assured we enjoyed our Christmas together the following Wednesday. Fording the river in high water at any time was much to be dreaded, on account of the quicksands, and there were many narrow escapes from loss of life, as well as much inconvenience experienced by travelers. One instance may show you the difficulties and the danger.

One day Mr. Crafts and I were returning to Crafton after a brief absence and Mr. Crafts, wishing to avoid the quicksand, drove to Cram's Crossing that we might go over on the rocks. The water was so swift that it bore our carriage some way down the stream, where the wheels became blocked and one of

the horses entangled his foot in the check rein, and would have drowned had not Mr. Crafts plunged into the water and released him. He succeeded in backing the carriage out and starting a second time. At a point higher up we were able to cross safely. The Colton bridge was built in 1877, but it was not until some years later that the San Bernardino bridge was built, and you will readily believe there was great rejoicing when we could cross the stream safely on well built bridges.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ORANGE ORCHARDS.

It will be of interest to note the beginning and progress of the great orange industry, which has made this section famous throughout the entire country.

The first orange orchard in this section was planted by Mr. Van Leuven and it is still in bearing in Old San Bernardino on the corner where the brick house now stands. In 1870 Mr. Crafts planted the second orange orchard at Altoona ranch, while the third was planted by C. R. Paine in 1877. Beautiful orchards were growing by this time, but of different fruits.

In the fall of '69 Judge Brown and Dr. Shugart visited the ranch and expressed their surprise at seeing such a variety of fruit. We had at that time a large apple orchard of the finest flavored fruit, as the Early Strawberry, Rhode Island Greenings, Belleflowers, Red Astrachans, Russets and many other varieties, giving us apples from June until April of the next year, which proves that Crafton is the home of the apple under proper cultivation. We also had other fruit trees, as follows: Apricots, nectarines, pears, figs, quinces, pomegranates, walnuts and almonds. These visitors, noting the possibilities of the soil, remarked, "If this place could be made so prolific and beautiful, others could be brought to the same state of perfection." and this visit decided those who had been looking into the Riverside lands, to purchase and settle there.



J. B. Glover settled in the north of what is now Lugonia, on Pioneer street, November, '69. In 1871 Rev. Josiah Bates moved into the house, which was sold to D. A. Shaw in 1878.

## CHAPTER V.

### CRAFTON RETREAT.

Mr. Crafts was induced to open a boarding house or sanitarium, as it proved, at Altoona. It happened in this way: In January, 1872, I think, an invalid, McPherson by name, from Baltimore, found his way to San Bernardino in search of health. Not finding comfortable quarters in that place he became discouraged and was about to return home, when Dr. Peacock, the leading physician of San Bernardino, persuaded Mr. Crafts to take him to the ranch and see what that salubrious air would do for him. At first I decidedly objected, as it was impossible to get adequate help for the kitchen. My husband told me I should have a Chinaman to help me, for those far-off strangers had just come to San Bernardino to help out the poor overworked housekeepers. So with the boarder came a young Chinaman, the first Celestial I ever saw, who could neither cook nor understand English. He was not only very bright, but scrupulously neat and soon learned to master the kitchen work by watching me. In a short time he became a good cook, and I found him a valuable helper.

Mr. McPherson came there so sick that I often feared we should not find him alive in the morning, but he soon began to improve, and so rapid was the change that in a few weeks three others made application for board and were received into the family. In May Mr. McPherson was able to ride to San Bernar-

dino to a picnic, and in July all the boarders were sufficiently strong to take their camping outfit and go to the mountains, where they spent several weeks at Mill Creek resort on Peter Forsee's place. In the following fall two of these gentlemen, Mr. McPherson one of them, went up the zanja, bought a small tract of ground, built a house and lived there two years, when they left for San Francisco. The house is still there, owned by Miss Kate Meachem, and is called the Keystone place. The other two gentlemen bought down in North Lugonia, built a house on Pioneer street and lived there until they sold to G. W. Beattie in the latter part of 1874. As the sanitary conditions of this section were fully known abroad, the place gradually became a popular health resort, so much so that Mr. Crafts enlarged the house twice, making a two-story building, in fact a hotel, with verandas on three sides, and a sunny upper porch where invalids could sit, promenade or bask in the warm sunshine of wintry days. The surroundings were made attractive. The grounds were inclosed on the north by a stone wall in primitive New England style, as ranches in those days had to be protected from roving animals. The driveway from the gate to the house was through rich green alfalfa, with olive trees on the east, and walnut trees scattered here and there on the west. The zanja flowed through the grounds and was crossed by a rustic bridge. At the right, after crossing the bridge, were pomegranate and quince trees alternating; in the spring the white blossoms of the quince contrasting with the rich scarlet of the pomegranate.

In front of the north veranda, between the running water and the house, were lemon trees and other fruit trees, with ever-blooming roses and vari-colored flowers. On the west stood a fine pepper tree, planted in 1865. It stood in a pretty lawn and seats were arranged around it where all the year one could see beautiful flowers. Beyond the driveway on the west were orange, lemon and lime trees.

These lovely trees and fragrant blossoms were constantly visited by the feathered songsters that then abounded in the country; they made the early morning vocal with their joyous notes of praise, as beautiful wild canaries and linnets flitted here and there amid the roses and orange blossoms, while the nights were filled with the bewitching strains of the mocking birds that, unharmed by any, built their nests and reared their young in the trees close to the house. But most beautiful of all were the wonderful humming birds, of which many varieties abounded. Like living jewels they darted here into a cup of a lily or there into some other flower, their necks and breasts gleaming like rubies and emeralds. It was an unfailing delight to watch these coy creatures, and I confess I gained much happiness from the presence of these dainty visitors. I felt what my friend, Mr. G. S. Pierce, so well expresses in the following lines:

“God in the measure of his love  
Gives to his creatures—they, to me—  
A portion of the life above,  
To make this life—a jubilee.”

To accommodate travelers and boarders, the carriage went to San Bernardino three times a week, drawn by the spirited but gentle bays, Robin and Kate. Indeed, as I now look back, these horses seemed a part of the family, so much of our pleasure depended upon them.

As the years passed visitors and travelers from many distant places came and went. A Russian baron, a celebrated English physician and his wife, who belonged to the nobility of England. Rev. Mr. Ames and Mr. Slade of Washington, D. C. (through Mr. Crafts' influence), came in behalf of the Indians, to ascertain, if possible, what could be done to benefit them in the most efficient way. Helen Hunt Jackson, while seeking information for her book (*Ramona*), Dr. Parry, the celebrated botanist, and wife, and Mr. Lemon spent two winters here gathering specimens of California flora, as the mountains and valleys were gorgeous with their carpet of wild flowers of every variety and hue during the rainy season; in fact I have known them to bloom in profusion until July.

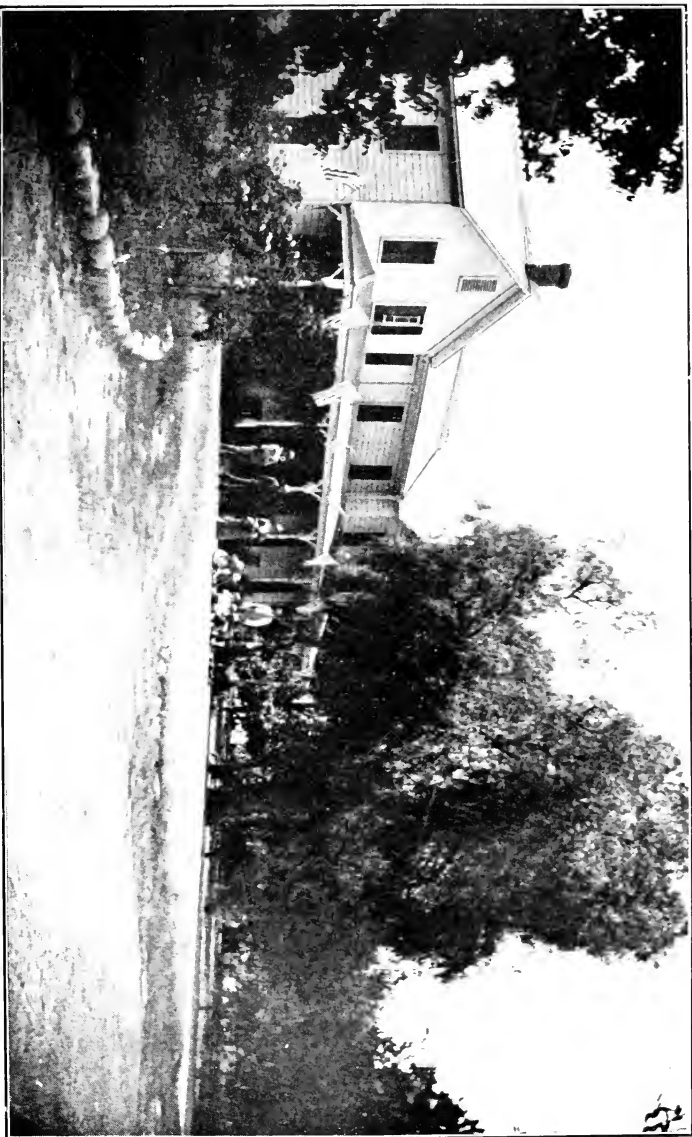
Mr. Crafts met the famous singers, the Hutchinson family, six in number, at Colton and brought them to Crafton to lunch with us. On their approach to the house they sang one of the old songs of my young days, "We are almost there." We had at that time fifteen or more boarders and we were all royally entertained by listening to their harmonious vocal strains—a privilege of a life time.

They left late in the afternoon to fulfill their engagement in San Bernardino. As the carriage rolled

away they sang the song "Goodbye." We stood and listened to those melodious strains until the sound of their voices died away in the distance. What memories cluster around that little word "goodbye!" Many times we entertained ministers and lawyers from San Francisco, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles and often from many Eastern cities. Mr. Crafts' acquaintance was, one might say, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This section was then what Smiley Heights is to Redlands today. There were often drives and picnics from San Bernardino and Riverside. Every stranger must see Crafton, so this valley was advertised far and wide.

Many incidents could be cited of the wonderful cures effected by this salubrious climate with proper care and nourishing food. Dr. Barton, a young physician from Brooklyn, came to California as a last resort to regain his health, after a severe illness from pneumonia. He found his way to Crafton. His mother said she came expecting to take him back in his coffin, but his improvement was so rapid that in less than two months he went to Santa Cruz to practice medicine. Afterwards he practiced his profession in Los Angeles. Many invalids came to Crafton, saying Dr. Barton sent them there.

The climate was particularly beneficial to those suffering with asthma. One instance in particular will show its effects. John W. Davis, Sr., came to us very ill with this disease; he was just able to reach us aided by a nurse, who gave him constant attention. In five weeks he was strong enough to ride on horse-



THE CRAFTON RETREAT

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TILDEN



back; from that time his recovery was rapid and was soon completed and he engaged in business, establishing a bank at Colton, where he lived many years.

Our orchards were kept clean and inviting; seats were placed in shady nooks by the crystal stream, and from the pure air and delicious mountain water it came to be called a paradise by those who had come from the long dusty drive over the hot plains into this refreshing shade and balmy air. Many, many times I have had travelers exclaim: "Why, this is a veritable paradise."

An invalid who came from Santa Barbara to us and regained his health, changed the name from Altoona to Crafton. Clergymen and their families, especially from San Bernardino and Riverside, sought change and rest here, and they called it "The Retreat," hence the name "Crafton Retreat." This was the only resort in Eastberne Valley until the latter part of '88, when the Terrace Villa Hotel was opened.

## CHAPTER VI.

### EMERGENCIES.

Sometimes emergencies confronted me that were not easy to dispose of and which put me on trial, as it were. For instance, one day when we were without guests, and Mr. Crafts was just convalescing from a severe illness and still unable to leave his room, a party numbering eighteen drove up in carriages from Riverside, desiring to be served with a game and chicken dinner and to have the privilege of eating it on our cool north porch. The word they had sent earlier had not reached us, as in those days we had neither telegraph nor telephone, and messengers sometimes lingered by the way.

Imagine my consternation! Game was out of the question, but chickens were plentiful and Mr. Meachem, my son-in-law, killed some of our finest and helped to dress them. A meal was soon prepared: chicken, ham of our own curing, eggs, home-made bread and biscuits, butter and rich milk from the dairy, with beautiful fruit from our orchard, which lent just the color needed were soon set before our visitors. When our unexpected guests were seated at the table, their exclamations of delight amply repaid me for my trouble. "My, but here is real cream," said a lady as she poured it into her steaming coffee; and "see this golden butter," said another; while a third called out, "O, these lovely biscuits!" and so on to the end of the meal. So great was their en-

joyment of this impromptu meal that one of the ladies engaged board for her family and they remained with us all winter.

My only help at this time was a deaf Chinaman, who prepared the vegetables and meats, set the table, and waited on it, and washed the dishes, but the cooking all devolved upon me.

One Sunday, just as a table full of boarders was seated for dinner, a company of lawyers from Santa Barbara, Riverside and San Bernardino came in and called for dinner. Mr. Crafts came to my assistance and in a short time we had prepared a satisfactory meal for them. But rest was not for us even then, for before these gentlemen had finished their repast, a third party came from Riverside, also desiring to be served with a meal, so it was necessary to begin all over, and it was three o'clock in the afternoon before we found time in which to eat our dinner.

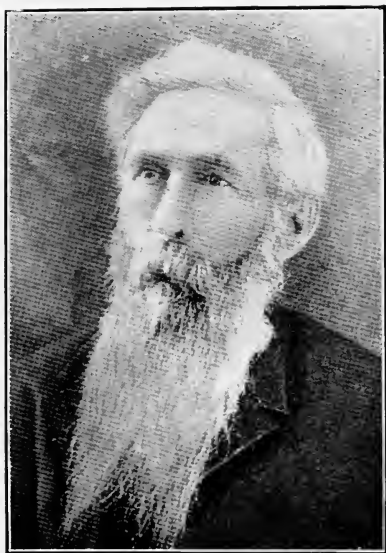
Another Sunday Mr. Crafts and I had decided to devote to rest, hoping the entire day would be ours, but human plans are often upset and so was our purposed day of quiet. The first thing we knew, a party of gentlemen from Riverside came to have dinner at our place. We could not order steak unless some one rode eleven miles to get it, so another raid was made on our poultry, and as rapidly as possible some young chickens were killed and prepared for cooking. Our dairy always furnished plenty of milk and cream and butter, and my pantry always had a store of bread, cakes and pies. These, with our fruits, made it comparatively easy to prepare a quick meal and I was

gratified when our guests seated at table complimented my skill and dispatch. One of them said: "Mrs. Crafts, you surely can get up the best dinner on a short notice of any one I ever knew."

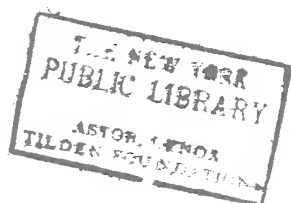
But I did not always receive commendation, for I had my trials as well, as the following incident will show:

One day I had sent in by stage to San Bernardino for a fine roast for dinner, but the butcher instead of filling my order sent me a round of beef. It was necessary to make the best of the situation, so I proceeded to cook the meat as carefully as I could. When dinner was over, as I was standing in the hall talking with dear Mrs. Plant, who was there with her invalid husband, one of the other boarders, Mrs. S., came to me and said: "Mrs. Crafts, I am hungry; there was nothing on the table that I could eat."

Tears filled my eyes and a feeling of helplessness came over me at the thought of my wasted endeavor. Mrs. Plant looked at me, and in her sweet voice said, "Dear Mrs. Crafts, lean hard." Since then in hours of perplexity and disappointment those dear words sounding in my ears have helped me and I have known what it meant to "lean hard." Sometimes matters in the kitchen did not move to please me; it was not always possible to secure desirable help. Once we had engaged a woman from Riverside, paying her forty dollars a month, thus hoping to be sure of a first-class cook. The woman proved to be a veritable autocrat, and I was not permitted to have any voice in the kitchen. While matters went well she appropriated



COL. WM. TOLLES



all the praise, but when any fault was found she transferred the blame to me. I remember one day a gentleman boarding with us came to me and said: "Mrs. Crafts, unless there is a change made in your table I shall be obliged to find another boarding place."

"Please be patient," said I, "until my husband returns." (Mr. Crafts was then in San Francisco on business.) The gentleman kindly waited, and on Mr. Crafts' return he found a capable Chinaman, who superseded our autocrat and gave perfect satisfaction to all our family.

## CHAPTER VII.

### DEVELOPMENT.

I have described the flood of 1867 and '68, and must not omit the three years of drouth from the latter part of 1873 to '77. Stockraising was a general industry at that period, and the sheep and cattle got their living on the plains and in the foot-hills throughout California. The continued drouth destroyed the feed which had sustained the stock, so these animals died by hundreds all over the State. Even here we were not exempt. Mill creek dried up, to the extent that sometimes there was barely water enough for domestic purposes. In August, 1873, Dr. Wm. Craig, formerly of Muncie, Indiana, came from Riverside, and purchased the ranch where he now resides. Another of our influential citizens, C. R. Paine, is still living at his old residence (completed in 1881) on the zanja, near his father-in-law (Dr. Craig), where he went with his family in 1876. In 1873 Col. W. R. Tolles, from Michigan, visited Crafton and was so delighted that he took up a soldier's claim of 160 acres of land on the direct road from Crafton to San Bernardino. He built a house into which he moved with his family January 8, 1874. This house was destroyed by fire on the second day of the following May, but was afterwards rebuilt. Col. Tolles planted the first orchard in this section (Lugonia)\* in June, 1874. This orchard consisted of oranges, peaches, apricots, grapes and small fruits. He procured his orange seed from a



barrel of decaying Tahiti oranges, which he bought in San Francisco. He planted them in June, 1874; in the seventh year the trees became fruitful and when they were eight years old they were in full bearing. This was the beginning of the settlement of Lugonia.

The first public school district in this section was formed February 8, 1877. C. R. Paine, the County Superintendent of Schools, suggested attaching a syllable to the name Lugo, the name of the original grantee, making it Lugonia, by which name the place is now known.

March 5th the first trustees were elected: C. E. Brink, W. R. Tolles and M. H. Crafts. March 18th a tax levy of \$400 was voted to build a schoolhouse and May 14th the first school was opened. The schoolhouse was completed and occupied in October. G. W. Beattie was the teacher. Mr. Beattie was born at the Mission of the American Board in Jamaica, West Indies. He passed his boyhood at Oberlin, Ohio, where he fitted himself for his profession. He purchased the place on Pioneer street now owned by John Dostal.

Mrs. Reeves settled in Lugonia in 1876, purchasing twenty acres, which was planted to oranges, peaches and apricots. This place is now owned by J. W. Gore.

There were two roads from Crafton to San Bernardino, one taking a direct line northwest to the river, passing Col. Tolles' ranch; the other ran directly west past the Hogback (now the Terrace) to Old San Bernardino.

In our drives over these plains, the remark was frequently made, "What a grand spot this valley would

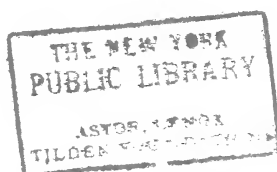
be if there were water for it." How often that little word "if" stands in our way, thwarting all our purposed plans; yet wise heads can work out knotty problems and bring to pass that which seemed impossible, and in the good providence of God this matter was all settled for the best.

In April, 1877, four gentlemen, Geo. A. Cook, F. E. Brown, Mr. Booth and A. H. Alverson, came from New Haven, Conn., to Fresno, San Francisco and other points down the coast, spying out the land. They visited Los Angeles and Riverside, then came to Colton, where they met Mr. Chubbock, one of the officials of the Southern Pacific railroad. They had so far failed to find any place which suited them for homes, and felt discouraged. Mr. Chubbock took them to Crafton. They passed but three houses on the way, after crossing the Santa Ana river, Chamberlain's, W. McCoy's and Col. Wm. Tolles'. These gentlemen were not only surprised, but delighted to find in this little way-off corner of the earth what they had in vain sought elsewhere, a veritable paradise, as it seemed to them. They were taken over the ranch and told of the possibilities in store for this valley, that these grain fields would all be orange orchards with beautiful homes not far hence.

In 1880 Maj. D. A. Shaw purchased 160 acres of land of Dr. Bates, of Santa Barbara, who had inherited from his father, Rev. Josiah Bates. This land extended a mile along Lugonia avenue and a quarter of a mile on the north. By successive changes the



THE LUGONIA SCHOOL HOUSE



family holding was reduced to 115 acres, which are planted to oranges, apricots and peaches.

On the avenue opposite the ranch, is a handsome row of pepper trees, which in summer afford a grateful shade to the traveler on this side of Lugonia avenue. This property has proved to be one of the most profitable investments in the valley under the skilful management of his sons, Clarence A. and Matthew L. Shaw.

Forty acres had been set apart, to be donated for college grounds. I. L. Lyons' home joins the site selected on the north.

These gentlemen began at once to form plans for a colony where Victoria is, but their plans did not mature. On their return to Colton, F. E. Brown and E. G. Judson, of Bridgeport, Conn., first met as strangers. Geo. A. Cook returned home to tell his friends of his success in finding what he had been seeking, a mild climate, and soil that by man's magic touch would transform the prairie into a garden of fruits and flowers. F. E. Brown remained in the valley until the following fall, when he returned to New Haven, to bring back one to share and brighten his home. The first winter he taught school in San Timoteo canyon. He bought ten acres of Col. Tolles, upon which he built a house and took his wife there in August, 1878. That house is on Lugonia avenue, west of Church street, and is owned by G. Palmtag.

E. G. Judson set out to fruit the ranch afterwards owned by Sessions, joining the Reeves place on Pioneer street, Lugonia. Geo. A. Cook returned with his

wife in 1879, bought land of Col. Tolles, joining F. E. Brown on the west, and planted peach and apricot trees.

These early settlers, like all pioneers, had many obstacles to overcome. The only market was San Bernardino, miles away, lying on the other side of the Santa Ana river, which had to be forded, and which in high water was almost impassable on account of quicksand. All the lumber for building had to be hauled by team, so there was of course much delay and trouble in getting building material.

When it was known that Mr. Cook intended building a house, Terwilliger came forty miles from San Jacinto to sell him shingles which he had made. They were hauled that distance, and are now on the house owned by Mrs. Guernish on Lugonia avenue. In the meanwhile Mr. Cook and his wife passed their time in a tent, which leaked so badly that during a heavy rain they had to resort to the umbrella to protect themselves from the intrusive rain drops.

George Brockett set out the adjoining orchard, afterwards owned by Mr. Holt, which was the home of Walter C. Butler, who came here from New Haven in 1879.

In 1880 C. H. Lathrop and James Garrison with their families settled on Lugonia avenue, between Church and Orange streets, where they still live, though time has wrought sad changes in each family. Mr. Garrison was one of the leaders in the building up of our church; a man very much beloved by all who

knew him, and we miss him, though our loss is his gain.

These pioneers already mentioned were ever busy devising every plan to develop the resources of the valley and improve upon the methods already in use. E. G. Judson and F. E. Brown incorporated the Lugonia Fruit Packing Company on Lugonia avenue, back of Israel Beal's, in 1881. Their process of fruit drying was as follows: The peaches, put in small wire baskets, were dipped in hot lye, and then thrown into a tub of cold water. The skin was rubbed off with the hands, the pit taken out, and the fruit was spread on trays; then, after being bleached in a small room with sulphur fumes, the trays were placed on shelves in a room and dried by artificial heat.

W. C. Butler made the first experiments in the canning of fruit in glass jars, in the year 1885, having an establishment on a ranch on Lugonia avenue. Mr. Butler was assistant engineer with F. E. Brown in the construction of the Bear Valley dam, commenced in 1883, also chief engineer of the Redlands Light and Power Company, having charge of all its work in Mill Creek canyon, and was employed by this company at the time of his death. Mr. Butler was a very pleasant and genial man and was beloved by all who knew him.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PRESS EXCURSION.

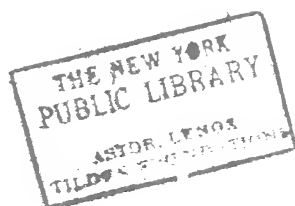
I want to tell you about an excursion which came to the valley before there was a Redlands, or a railroad nearer than Colton. When it was known that the Pacific Press Association was coming to Riverside and San Bernardino on the 11th of April, 1881, the gentlemen of Lugonia and Crafton proposed to meet them at Colton with carriages and take them to Crafton to lunch, and thus show them our valley. I remember it was one of April's sunniest days, when all nature looked smiling, inviting us to share its new life, and the mountains were bright with a carpet of wild flowers. Lugonia and Crafton turned out *en masse* to make it a gala day. The ladies with well-filled baskets and a profusion of flowers with which skilled hands decorated every table and beautified the whole house. Carriages from Lugonia and Crafton met the press party at Colton, and on their way to the "Retreat" they were introduced to the oldest orange orchard, at Van Leuven's, in Old San Bernardino, and partook of its fruit. They passed many orchards of deciduous and citrus trees, and pretty homes gay with spring flowers. The orange trees were not only beautiful with golden fruit, but the air was perfumed with their fragrant blossoms.

On their arrival at Crafton they were met by the San Bernardino band and received by Mrs. Crafts, as hostess, and other ladies under the grand old pepper





DR. ELLEN B. SEYMOUR



tree, which still stands there, as a reminder of days gone by. There were carriages full of people from San Bernardino and Old San Bernardino.

The table intended for the entertainment of the California press was spread, not under the trees, but on the north veranda, where could be seen the fruit trees from which had been gathered the oranges and a variety of the finest fruits represented on the table, and a little further to the north that flowing stream which supplied the pure mountain water so refreshing and invigorating to the travelers. Seventy-five ladies and gentlemen were seated at this table, and while partaking of the bounty provided, it was remarked that all the viands spread before them were produced on these ranches, except the tea, coffee, sugar, etc. Other guests were seated in the dining-room, all meanwhile regaled by the enlivening music of the band. Twice these tables were spread, three hundred being the recipients of this bountiful repast. In the afternoon the Press Association was taken to San Bernardino, where they were entertained in the evening, and were to be Riverside's honored guests for the night.

The following week many papers came to us from all over the State, giving vivid descriptions of Southern California, its climate, mountain scenery, fertile soil, and the beauty of its landscapes; giving also an account of their delightful trip and their appreciation of the royal entertainments everywhere tendered them.

Next on our list of pioneers is Dr. Ellen B. Seymour, a cousin of F. E. Brown, who came in August, 1881. Mrs. Seymour began at once to take an interest

in everything pertaining to Lugonia, her adopted home. She made her presence felt not only by entering into every plan presented for its improvement, but by her untiring zeal and ceaseless effort helped to make our valley what it is today, she was the only physician in Lugonia and afterwards in Redlands until 1887. Mrs. Seymour's home is now on Chestnut street, just east of Center street, where she still leads an active life, apparently as zealous as when doing pioneer work.

P. R. Brown, brother of Mrs. Seymour, came in December, 1881, and although an invalid, was interested in all religious and educational work.

In October of the same year, the first General Association of the Congregational Church of Southern California was held in Los Angeles, and closed on Saturday. Mr. Crafts invited fifty delegates to lunch at Crafton on the following Tuesday. The gentlemen and ladies of our church and our neighbors were delighted to take a part in entertaining the clerical guests and strangers who came from San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Ventura and Los Angeles. Tuesday dawned bright and beautiful, seemingly fitted for the occasion. Again the ladies of Lugonia and Crafton came with well-filled baskets, decorating the tables and house with fruits and flowers, skilfully transforming the place into a very bower of beauty. The table was set on the north veranda and was loaded with the appetizing dishes these ladies knew so well how to prepare. Rich cream and golden butter from the dairy, as well as many delicacies which would tempt the most

fastidious, were set forth in profusion. We felt repaid for our painstaking by entering into the merriment and the truly social enjoyment thus brought to our door. As these guests departed they expressed themselves as more than delighted with the day's entertainment. The carriages from Lugonia and Crafton which brought them from Colton took them back. As they passed deciduous and citrus orchards they were surprised at the thrift, prosperity and beauty of the valley, for the people of those distant places thought there was not much to be seen in San Bernardino.

There were no settlements made south of the zanja until May, 1877, when Orson Van Leuven filed on a claim of 160 acres, placing upon it a small house hauled on wheels over the rough brush-covered ground to its present location on Olive avenue, being a part of the dwelling afterward owned by William Ring. It was the first house occupied south of the zanja, just outside of the present western boundary of the city.

To describe the settlement south of the zanja, I will again take a drive from San Bernardino, via Colton avenue, to Crafton, with a friend who was a guest at the "Retreat" in '75, and show her the changes which have been wrought in seven or eight years.

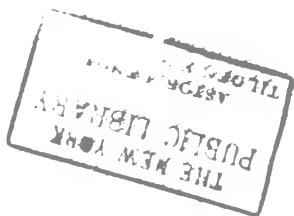
We are on the south road, which will take us past the Hogback, before described. After crossing the river as we drive on toward home, my friend is surprised to see the changes which have taken place in eight years.

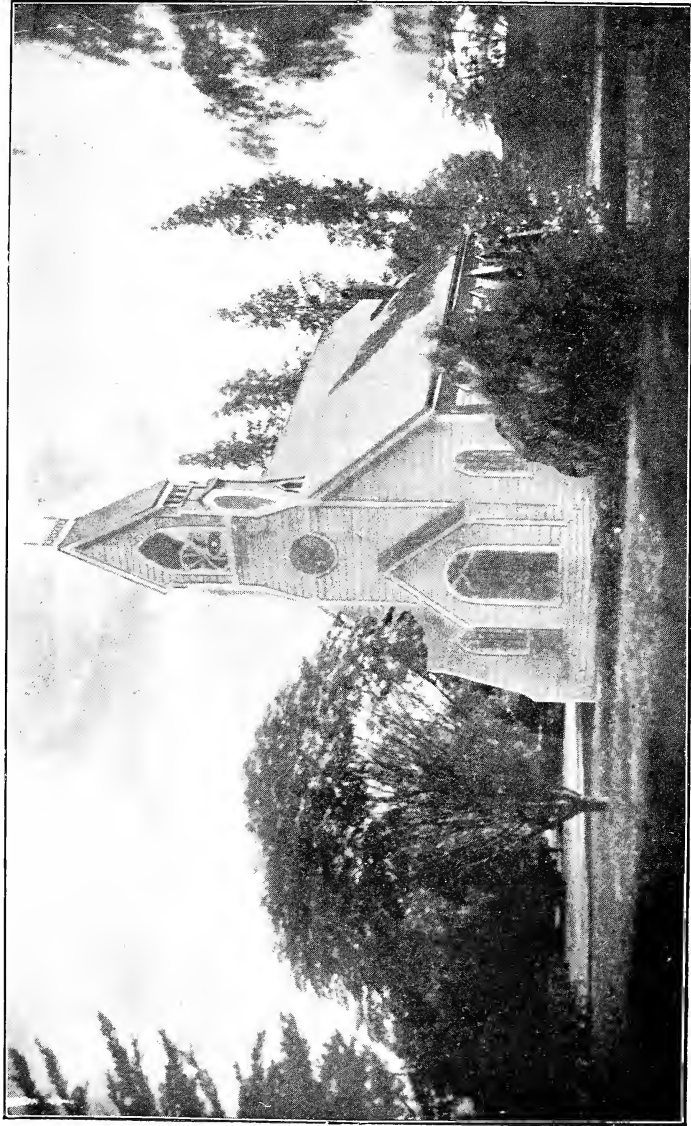
"Why, there is a house built in the foot-hills south of the zanja! Where do they get water?"

I replied, "That is a homestead taken up by Rev. C. H. Gauthier, who came here from Tennessee for his health, stopping with Dr. Barton during the winter of '82. Now he is living in his new house with his family and they haul all the water for the place and domestic use in barrels from the zanja."

That house is now a part of "Canyon Crest Park," owned by Mr. Smiley. As we ride on and look over the zanja to the south we see a house here and there and some tree-planting begun. My friend asks, "Who has the courage to live in that house on the hill?" That is the Prospect House, the first hotel opened in this section (by Dr. Ellen B. Seymour November, '82), to accommodate strangers coming, every day, as that part of the valley is settling rapidly now that water is provided and already running in a canal to the foot-hills and stored in a reservoir. A hotel is now needed nearer than Crafton. If people keep coming with as much push and progress as has been shown in the last two or three years, we may see before long a beautiful city spring up in this valley so finely located near the foot-hills.

The Hogback is now the Terrace. That store belongs to George A. Cook, who began selling goods and groceries in a little one-room building on his own place in 1881 in Lugonia. This was to help those who did not care to go to San Bernardino for needles and thread and a few pounds of sugar and coffee. Mr. Cook bought ten acres of land, beginning with the Terrace and extending to the zanja, with a share of water in the Sunnyside ditch, for \$500. He wanted to





THE TERRACE CHURCH



buy only the water of Dr. Barton, but could get the water only on condition that he would take with it ten acres of land, choosing his own location, so he selected this sightly, beautiful part, upon which he erected, in the spring of 1882, a substantial merchandise store, and is now doing a fine business. That land extends from the Casa Loma to the zanja east of Orange street. The postoffice was opened in this store September, 1882, with Mr. Cook as the postmaster. The mail is brought from San Bernardino two or three times a week, by the stage which was started by George Philips the preceding July. We can now send by stage for fresh beef, instead of going to San Bernardino for it, as we used to, or getting along without it. The telegraph was brought to this store about the same time.

This is the Terrace church, which was built through the combined efforts of Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Congregationalists. There has never been a discord to mar or delay any religious undertaking. They were all temperance people, and if there should be a city can the saloon ever get a foothold within it? How could such a deadly enemy to manhood, as the saloon, be allowed in a place built upon so strong and firm a foundation as the Rock, Christ Jesus?

You notice that house where the telephone stops? That is the property of F. E. Brown, and it is the first house to be finished with plaster. Mr. Brown planted an orange orchard on that place in the spring of '82, getting the trees of Hiram Barton, on Barton Flat in Old San Bernardino. There were no nurseries

at that date, and this was the first orange grove in Redlands.

Mr. Brown's mother, Mrs. Rebecca Brown, has a neat house near her son's. It was built by Mr. Morey, one of the newcomers. She has an organ and opens her house for prayer meeting Sunday nights. It is well attended. (Although travel in pioneer times was not the easy matter it is in these days of trolley cars and well-watered roads.) Mr. Crafts and I go across fields, though the way is so rough we can hardly get there; but the meetings are well worth the trouble of reaching them.

J. S. Edwards and Mrs. Pratt (now Mrs. Edwards) sing, accompanied by the organ, and the room is filled every time, young men and old enjoying a respite from the monotonous cares of life. Mr. Edwards is busy planting orchards and helping to change the desert into a garden of fruit and flowers. His first investments were the present B. H. Jacobs' place and the J. A. V. Love place on Fern avenue.

Soon we reach the property of Dr. Stillman, who bought a fine tract of land and planted a large vineyard. He built a home for his family and they occupied it January 23, 1882.

By this time we have reached the Crafton school-house, of which we are so justly proud. On August 7, 1882, the Crafton school district was set apart. C. R. Paine, G. H. Crafts and C. P. Barrows were elected trustees September 7. The first public school was opened the following December by Miss Sadie Townsend, in a small one-room building, fitted up by M. H.

Crafts on his land near the Crafton store. Only a small number of pupils were in attendance. In 1887 bonds for \$6,500 were voted to build this present beautiful structure. It was completed in 1888.

I have tried to give you some idea of the impressions of pioneer life conveyed to us as we witnessed the beginning of this settlement, and watched with interest its progress while passing it in our drives to and from San Bernardino.

## CHAPTER IX.

### REDLANDS.

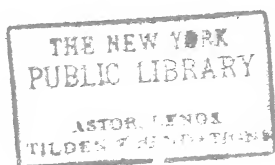
In this book I am not undertaking to give a history of Redlands, but rather brief sketches of pioneer life in this valley. So rapid has been the growth that it seems like a fairy tale. I can only state incidents and their dates.

Lugonia was the business center until the townsite of Redlands was surveyed, in the summer of 1886. From this date the fortunes of Lugonia suffered many changes. I find it difficult to correctly place all the early investments, as there were no streets nor avenues, so I must make myself understood by referring to present locations. Now, I will tell you of the first steps which culminated in the birth and rapid growth of the city we today enjoy, and of which we are so justly proud—Redlands—so named from the color of its soil. It was commonly conceded by the early settlers that the mesa, now Redlands, beautiful as it was from a scenic point of view, would not be utilized for orchards or dwellings, as water could not be conveyed to it. F. E. Brown felt sure it could be done. With his Yankee perseverance, determined to see for himself, he and E. G. Judson drove over to test the question. For fear of ridicule Mr. Brown hid his instruments in the bottom of the wagon. The day's experiments satisfied them both that water could be taken, not only over the mesa, but to the foot-hills as well. When they began the ditch to experiment further on-lookers jeered



F. E. BROWN





and said: "Guess that boy will find, if he is a graduate from Yale, he can't make water run up hill."

Judge of their surprise when they saw it running on the hill above what is now F. P. Morrison's place. In 1881 Brown and Judson purchased 320 acres of land of the Southern California Railroad officials and in succeeding years added to this acreage until they owned about 4,000 acres. Their next investment was for a supply of water to irrigate their land, in order to adapt it to the cultivation of oranges. They bought fifty shares of water in the North Fork ditch of the Santa Ana river, which they transferred in an open canal to a reservoir on the south side of the valley, on Reservoir street, and everybody declared that that "water ran up hill." Water is still flowing in that canal as it did at that date.

The Redlands Water Company was organized October 27, and incorporated November 29, 1881, and the preliminary map of Redlands was filed the same month. The land was divided into lots of two and one-half, five and ten acres, with a water-right of one inch to eight acres, which was later changed to a right of one inch to four acres. A townsite was laid out, with wide avenues and cross streets at every half mile. Shade trees were planted along the streets and a plaza was planned. The first lots sold were to Charles A. Smith and J. G. Cockshutt, the deeds being made out December 6, 1881. The first contract made by Brown and Judson was to R. B. Morton and J. F. Kious, of Silver City, New Mexico, for lots 1 and 8 in block J, and lot 1 in block I, Redlands, December 17, 1881,

where Watkins' row now is, the south end of Fourth street.

In the fall of 1881 Prof. Sinclair, from Boston, Mass., went with his family, seven in number, to spend the winter in Crafton, as his wife was afflicted with asthma. March 1st, 1882, Prof. Sinclair bought land on the northeast corner of Cypress and Reservoir streets, paying \$50 an acre. He built a house and moved into it with his family, where they lived until they returned east in July. They intended spending the winters at their Redlands home. I am told that Mrs. Sinclair was so much benefited by her first winter here, they did not return to live, but sold the property, which is now the Lee place.

In 1882 a number of lots were sold and active preparations for fruit growing begun, an orchard of deciduous trees being planted on what was afterwards the L. Jacob's place. The orange industry thrived from the beginning; the first orchards were planted by E. J. Waite on the Sinclair property, with two and one-half acres on the I. Mitchell place. Washington's birthday, 1882, was celebrated by the planting of an orange tree on the lot now occupied by the Theodore Clark residence.

The first orange trees were procured in San Diego and brought by wagon from Temecula Canyon. In June, F. P. Morrison set out five acres to oranges and E. J. Waite the first nursery stock the same year.

A. G. Saunders bought ten acres on the corner of Fern avenue and Saunders street in March, 1882, and built a small house. The first Mrs. Saunders taught a



private school in that house, which was the first opportunity presented the children of the settlement to attend school.

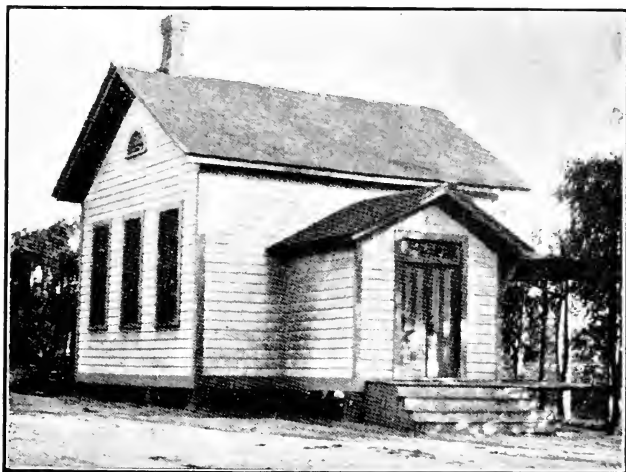
I have already spoken of the Prospect House, of which Dr. Seymour had charge six years. For three years all the water was hauled in barrels from the zanja. In the spring of 1885 a ram was built, under the supervision of H. H. Smith, which threw the water from a ditch running west from the reservoir to the foot-hills into a tank, and from that was piped to the house. Mr. H. H. Smith soon after took up one-half section of land south of the Prospect House as a homestead. Mr. Smith has set out 173 acres to oranges and grape-fruit, and maintained at his own expense seven miles of road for seven years. The water question on the Heights was settled by Mr. M. H. Crafts accepting Bear Valley water in exchange for Mill creek water, and all who live on the Heights are reaping its benefits.

#### THE BEAR VALLEY DAM.

How to obtain water for the purposes of irrigation was a vital question. F. E. Brown was the magician who solved the problem. Feeling sure that a reservoir could be constructed in Bear Valley, in the San Bernardino mountains above Redlands, to store the water, he formed a company to build a dam. The company was incorporated in October, 1883, with a capital of \$360,000, the most of the stock being taken by San Bernardino and Redlands men. The construction of the Bear Valley dam was begun in the summer of 1883, the fall of which was the culmination of a three-

years' drouth. The last week of January, 1884, all hearts were gladdened by rain, and until July moisture from the clouds continued to wet the parched earth, so that the mountains and valley were bright with flowers in midsummer. The Bear Valley Company, intending to go on with the work of the dam, purchased in June, 1884, a four-horse load of provisions, to be taken there by S. Thurman, going up Mill Creek canyon and over the trail by burros. When crossing Mill creek, on June 13th, the wagon and load were all carried down the stream, and nothing saved from the wreck but one horse. Mr. Thurman, trying to loosen his horses from the wagon, was himself carried under it, and expected to lose his life, but was freed by the wagon overturning, and swam ashore. The water loosened the tugs in time to save one horse. This high water was caused by the sudden melting of the deep snow in the mountains. The dam was completed in the following fall.

S. J. Hayes was one of the pioneers who came to the valley in 1882, and was so pleased that he bought five acres of land; soon after returning to his home in Illinois. In the fall of 1883 he again came to the valley, this time for the purpose of building a home for his family, bringing with him a carpenter and materials for the finishing of the house. Though his stay at this time was short, he bought more land, showing his faith in the possibilities of the place. In the fall of 1884 Mr. Hayes brought his family to the home already prepared for them, where they still reside, on Cypress avenue, east of Center street.



THE KINGSBURY SCHOOL.



PRESENT KINGSBURY SCHOOL.

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Mr. Hayes was one who worked quietly, and unostentatiously aided every movement for the development of the city. He planted his land to oranges and became deeply interested in all public enterprises. He was one of the organizers of the Union Bank and served as director and vice-president of that institution. He was a liberal subscriber to the Santa Fe when it sought to extend its road through Redlands.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes celebrated their golden wedding November 24, 1904, at which I was privileged to be one of the guests.

Miss Rosa B. Robbins (now Mrs. Canterbury) was the teacher for the first school, having a class of fifteen pupils. July, 1884, \$6,000 in bonds were voted to build a larger schoolhouse in Lugonia. That is the present school building on Lugonia avenue, first occupied January 5, 1885.

March 21st, 1885, \$1,000 in bonds were voted for a Redlands public schoolhouse, which building now stands in the southwest corner of the Kingsbury school grounds. The trustees were asked not to employ a teacher who would instruct the children that the world is round, for, said the man, "We all know it is square, for the Bible speaks of the four corners of the earth."

Rev. E. A. Kingsbury, who was one of the early trustees of the district, took an active part in all the educational work and the school was named in his honor.

The Redlands school district was set apart February 5, 1884. P. R. Brown, Orson Van Leuven, and A. G. Saunders were elected trustees February 18th. The

first school in this district was opened May 4, 1884, in a small dwelling in the center of the lot on Palm avenue, east of Center street, back of what is now the home of M. M. Phinney. There were no roads leading to the schoolhouse, so the children went through the fields from what is now Fern avenue.

This house was built by Mr. Cockshutt (first president of the Redlands Water Company), who moved into it in time to have the first Christmas dinner in Redlands, to which he invited G. Simms, then living in a small house on Cypress avenue, where Cass Gaylord's house now is. The building now stands on the southwest corner of Clark and Cajon streets.

Mr. and Mrs. David Morey came to Redlands while it was still in its infancy, but pioneer life had no terrors for them. Mr. Morey possessed those qualities of character which made him a most useful citizen, and Mrs. Morey was a woman of unusual intelligence. Mr. Morey built a little home on the twenty acres of land he had purchased, and Mrs. Morey began the cultivation of orange trees, planting the first orange seed bed in the colony. She obtained her seed at the Barton ranch and succeeded in putting out about two thousand. The next year she increased the number and sold her young trees to Judson and Brown for ten acres of land on the south side of Brookside avenue, opposite C. H. Lineau's place. In 1889 Mrs. Morey had 25,000 trees ready for planting and sold them for \$20,000 to Matthew Gage. The Moreys also bought land at Terracina, where they built a handsome residence, which they occupied until the death of Mrs. Morey.

In September, 1885, A. L. Park, from Washington, D. C., came with his family and settled on the Terrace, where he still resides. Mr. Park was influential in starting the Bellevue Academy, which was opened in February, 1886, by Rev. J. G. Hale, assisted by his daughter Mary, who was greatly beloved by her pupils and is still held in loving remembrance. Rev. Mr. Hale had charge of this academy until the opening of the Union high school in the Berry and Wilson block, October, 1891.

Though these two have gone to their brighter home, their influence still lives. The Bellevue Academy is now the home of Mrs. Hale.

Mr. E. S. Foote came to Redlands in February, 1886, and has lived here since that date. Mr. Foote purchased ten acres of land on Cajon street and set it out to navel oranges, growing many of his own trees for the purpose. This orchard is still in fine bearing. Mr. Foote was sagacious in business and for several years was a director in the Redlands Water Company, serving for a time as vice-president.

His interest in education led to his election as trustee of the Redlands grammar school and while he was in this position the present brick building was erected.

He is influential in all religious work. It is no wonder that the community of Redlands is so widely known for its high moral tone when we find among her pioneers men of such fidelity to principle.

Among the sons of the Empire State who early decided to make their home here was H. H. Sinclair, whose name is associated with many business enter-

prises. Mr. Sinclair settled in Lugonia, where he purchased thirty acres of land, planting it to oranges and other fruits. He was a director of the Lugonia Water Company, and of the South Fork Ditch Association. In 1892 Mr. Sinclair formed the Redlands Electric Light and Power Company, and is today president of the Southern California Power Company.

The first hotel in Lugonia, the "Terrace Villa Hotel," was built in 1886 by D. L. Clark, and as it occupied a commanding position, affording a fine view of the valley and the neighboring mountains, it soon became a popular resort. Its beautiful grounds and the home comforts provided its guests rendered it a most desirable abiding place for travelers. The place was afterwards sold to Messrs. Lambeth and Hubbard, the sale being negotiated by J. B. Fisk, Jr., who was then living in the hotel.

Mr. Wm. M. Tisdale was manager of this hotel for about two years. He then became manager of the Terracina Hotel and for a short time conducted the Windsor.

Being of strong literary inclination Mr. Tisdale retired from hotel management to engage in the more congenial occupation of writing for the press. He has been a welcome contributor to many publications in both the east and the west. His delightful stories of California life were first published in the *Argonaut* and were widely read and enjoyed.

Mr. Tisdale was, at one time, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and at present is our efficient postmaster, assisted by Mr. Walter Wood.





THE HIGH SCHOOL.



In 1886 Berry and Wilson erected a fine business block, at a cost of \$10,000, on the site where the Casa Loma now stands. The ground floor was occupied by stores. Above was a hall with a seating capacity of 500. This was known as the opera house. In this block, H. E. Boothly published the first weekly paper issued in Lugonia, *The Southern Californian*. The paper was published in the interest of Lugonia. Later Mr. Boothly was succeeded by George Weeks.

October 1, 1887, J. B. Glover opened a grocery in this block, afterwards removing his store to the southwest corner of Orange and Water streets, where he conducted a very successful business.

The postoffice was moved from Cook's store to a room in this block. Mr. Cook continued as postmaster for five years, and was succeeded by C. H. Lathrop, who held that position until the office was abolished September 28, 1888.

The first bank in Lugonia was opened for business in George A. Cook's store, April 4, 1887. It was called the "Bank of East San Bernardino Valley." It was soon moved to the Berry and Wilson block. June 25, 1888, the bank was removed to the building on the corner of Water and State streets, and became the "First National Bank of Redlands."

Later, it was moved to the Sloan House, which had been purchased and remodeled to accommodate the bank. F. P. Morrison has been its president from its inception, and J. W. Wilson was cashier for thirteen years, when he was appointed national bank inspector by President McKinley, having jurisdiction in

California and Nevada. He entered upon the duties of that office and was succeeded in the bank by his brother, H. B. Wilson. Mr. Morrison was a boarder at Crafton, and in the summer of 1885 he erected a handsome residence on what is now East Citrus avenue, where he still resides.

The first building in the business part of Redlands was Wilcox's blacksmith shop, built in 1885. That shop was soon after J. H. McLean's, on the spot now occupied by Thurman's billiard hall, on east side of Orange street. Mr. Wilcox's family lived in R. H. Kendall's house, a short distance west, between what is now Third and Fourth streets.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE CHICAGO COLONY.

A place possessing so many natural advantages could not fail to attract the attention of progressive men and among those who came to see if all that had been told of our beautiful California was true Mr. I. N. Hoag was foremost. Mr. Hoag was one of the Argonauts, having made the trip in "the days of '49," coming by way of the Isthmus, his trip occupying 99 days from Panama to San Francisco. Thirty days of that time the ship lay becalmed and the stores of provisions were so reduced that the passengers were limited to one cracker and a pint of water each day. But success crowned his efforts and after various enterprises, all of which were remunerative, Mr. Hoag was appointed commissioner of immigration May, 1883, for the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific railroads. Before going to Chicago Mr. Hoag and his wife visited Crafton, and he was so pleased with the place that when he reached Chicago he at once directed immigration to this portion of the State and assisted in founding the Chicago Colony, which was an important factor in the growth of Redlands.

In 1886 he decided to come to California to live, and bringing his family, he settled in Redlands. He set out an orange orchard of twenty-five acres and erected a fine house on Lugonia Heights.

In February, 1886, a colonization company had been formed in Chicago and a committee of three, R. J.

Waters, H. C. Malone and J. W. Ludlam, was appointed to select a location for a fruit raising colony in Southern California. They visited Tulare, Ventura, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles counties, carefully examining the advantages offered by each. Finally they came to East San Bernardino and visited Redlands. Through the influence of I. N. Hoag they decided upon the purchase of the "Somers tract," lying west of Crafton and east of Redlands. The land was divided into five and ten acre tracts and the members of the colony drew lots for their location, paying \$90 per acre.

In the fall of 1886 R. H. Garland came with his family to Crafton. He purchased land and made the first improvements in the colony. He built a home and set out an orange orchard; his family still resides in this home. Mr. Garland was a very prominent man in the pioneer life of the Chicago Colony and of Redlands. He was placed in charge of the Redlands Water Company and served as its president for several years. He was a director of the Chamber of Commerce and a member of the board of trustees. in which capacity he was acting at the time of his death.

The supply of water, always a vital question in Southern California, was of great moment in Redlands, but was provided for by the organization of the "Domestic Water Company," which was incorporated February 17, 1887, and so vigorously pushed its work that it was soon ready to supply all parts of the settlement with water. F. G. Ferrand was elected secretary of the company, which office he resigned to enter upon



THE FIRST LUGONIA SCHOOL, HOUSE

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the duties of secretary of the Redlands Light and Power Company. Mr. Ferrand has been closely identified with many enterprises which materially assisted in the development of Redlands.

The townsite of Redlands was surveyed in the summer of 1836, and from that time matters progressed rapidly. New buildings were erected, new business was engaged in and Redlands began to assume its present proportions.

The first brick building erected was Baca's butcher shop, on Citrus avenue, where the M. E. church now stands. It was built in the spring of 1886, by Mr. Chestnut, of brick which he burned in his own kiln.

The first business structure erected after the townsite was located was the jewelry store of B. S. Stephenson, on Fifth street. Soon after he removed to East State street, where by his honesty and integrity he built up a prosperous business. In 1905 Mr. Stephenson built a pretty store on the old lot on Fifth street, which he now occupies, his family residing in the second story of the building.

## CHAPTER XI.

### GROWTH OF BUSINESS.

Naturally the real estate business grew very rapidly, as Redlands offered so much to those seeking homes, and in 1887 H. H. Daniels opened a real estate office on the corner of Orange street and Colton avenue, where R. E. McGinness' residence now stands. Soon after he was joined by W. E. Sibley and the business assumed such proportions that Mr. L. W. Clark became a member of the firm. Mr. Daniels has been most successful, as his business sagacity is great and his integrity beyond question. He has been in touch with the marvelous advance in the value of land and instrumental in making many of the great changes.

One instance will show the rapid strides made in property values: George Wilson was the owner of 160 acres of land which he had taken up as a government claim, at \$1.25 an acre. As soon as Mr. Wilson acquired the title to this tract Mr. Daniels purchased it for \$10,000. He proceeded at once to supply the land with water, laying two miles of pipe for the purpose. Then he graded it all, planted it to navel oranges and sold it to willing purchasers at a great advance. This property afterwards became widely known as the famous Terracina.

When we saw, in the spring of 1887, three two-story brick buildings going up at the same time, on the corners of what are now State and Orange streets, we wondered what would be the outcome of all that out-

lay, but we soon learned. "The Union Bank" was opened in one of these buildings May 1, 1887, with Curtis Wells as president, which office he held until his death. R. B. Lane was cashier. Mr. Wells was most influential in shaping the moral and religious character of our city.

Karl Wells, son of Curtis Wells, was identified with the interests of this bank as cashier and then president until 1905, when he resigned to take up more important interests. Karl has exerted all his influence to build up the financial and religious interests of Redlands.

The Union Bank is now known as the National Bank of Redlands.

The first office located in a permanent building in Redlands was opened in the Union Bank building by John P. Fisk, Jr., who cast his lot in with this city in March, 1877. From the hour of his coming Mr. Fisk has been actively engaged in business and he has been an important factor in the development of the city. He secured the sites on which the stations of the two railroads are built and also those for many of our important buildings. He is an acknowledged authority on real estate matters. Mr. Fisk took a deep interest in the fortunes of the Young Men's Christian Association, being its first president, and active in securing the erection of its beautiful building.

To bring before your minds a picture of the growth of Redlands at that time I will quote from the first issue of the *Citrograph*, published July 16, 1887, with Scipio Craig as editor:

"Today, three months after the townsite was a bare plain, just as nature made it, there are two-story brick buildings erected and in course of construction as follows: The Union Bank of Redlands, northeast corner of State and Orange; the R. J. Waters building, northwest corner State and Orange; the Shepherd building, southeast corner State and Orange streets; the J. F. Drake building, adjoining the Shepherd building on State; the Solner and Darling building, on the corner of State and Fifth; the J. F. Welch building, on State street west of Orange; the Y. M. C. A. building, on State street east of Orange; the *Citrograph* building, southwest corner of State and Fifth streets; the Stimmel and Lissenden building, on State street west of Orange."

Speaking of the influx of population, Mr. Craig adds: "The rush to this favored clime is something unprecedented, and from what can be learned the rush will be quadrupled this fall. This is no ephemeral boom, but simply a hegira of cyclone-stricken, frost-bitten denizens of the East, who desire to spend the remainder of their days in peace, prosperity and quietude. They can get here what the balance of the world cannot offer: An incomparable climate; the purest of water; good society and schools, and all the elements of civilization, besides nothing ephemeral about our growth, but a solid substratum of producing prosperity. And it will be years before there will be any change, except from good to better, and from better to best. There have also been a number of frame

buildings erected not in, but adjoining the main business portion of the town."

The *Citrograph*, a weekly, was published in the interests of the fruit and agricultural industries. It is a clean, bright, wholesome paper, a welcome visitor in all families.

In the fall of 1887 Dr. M. W. Hill came to make his home in Redlands. The doctor has ever since been one of the leading spirits in the educational work of our city. He was one of the first to see the necessity of a high school, and devoted his energies to securing it.

In June, 1887, Geo. A. Cook sold his general merchandise to the Redlands Company, B. O. Johnson, manager, and these goods were removed in the fall to the new brick building opposite the Union Bank, now Gillis & Spoor's drug store.

E. L. Ball and Reid's grocery was moved from the south side of Citrus avenue, east from Orange, to the Shepherd block, on the southeast corner of State and Orange. They were succeeded by Lewis & Weiss.

I am going to relate an incident connected with that store. I have forgotten the name of the proprietor at that time, for many changes occurred at that early date. I took some butter there to exchange for groceries, receiving sixty cents per roll. Returning home in my buggy I overtook Mr. C. L. Hayes walking and invited him to ride.

On the way he said, "Mrs. Crafts, I would not sell butter and carry it home again."

"What do you mean, Mr. Hayes?"

He replied: "I have a roll of your butter here."

"What did you pay for it?" I asked.

"Ninety cents," he answered.

From that time we made it convenient to do our trading at another store, illustrating the homely adage, "Honesty is the best policy."

J. J. Suess finally bought this store of Lewis & Co., in 1891, and converted the pioneer store into a modern, up-to-date establishment, where housekeepers can supply their tables not only with all the necessities but most of the luxuries of life; thus housekeeping has been shorn of the difficulties and hardships pioneer women experienced, for in those early days we made our own bread, baked our own cakes and pies, made our own preserves and pickles, roasted our own meats, having no modern store to supply these needs.

J. J. Suess, who has done so much to stimulate the growth of the city, is now our honored mayor.

The first postoffice in Redlands was opened January 18, 1888, in a small building erected for that purpose on Center street, near J. P. Squires' residence, with John B. Campbell postmaster, and Miss Dora Kirkely deputy. The mail was taken to and from San Bernardino postoffice by Mr. Rockwell. In October of that year money orders were first issued from this office.

We had no way of traveling to adjacent towns or distant places except by private conveyance until January, 1888, when a passenger coach arrived on the S. C. R. R., and on February 13th the company opened an office in a box car, with E. Hobart acting as agent, and regular service was inaugurated. March 15th, Wells Fargo Express Co. opened their office. On July

14th the first depot was thrown open to the public. On May 17th the Redlands motor line began its service, making several trips daily to San Bernardino, proving a great accommodation to those whom business or pleasure called to either city.

Soon after the citizens of Redlands had the service of two railroads, and we greatly enjoyed the added convenience furnished by the Santa Fe railroad, whose kite-shaped track offers great inducements to sight-seers in this valley.

So many visitors were now coming to see our favored district that some means of conveyance was needed, and the Rivera brothers started the "Pioneer Transfer line" in November, which did a flourishing business.

The next month an omnibus line was opened between the business section and the residence portion of the city. It continued in operation until the building of the street railroad, for which a franchise was obtained in January, 1888. The work was rapidly pushed and the road was ready for service in May of the same year. The cars were drawn by mules, and E. Underwood has the distinction of having been the first conductor on this road. He was succeeded by Phil Dreiser, who kept his position as long as mule power was employed. Later, this primitive method of locomotion was transformed into the modern electric system now in use.

The fourth brick building was occupied February 1888, by H. L. Sloan, proprietor of the hotel known as

the Sloan House, the first hotel in the business portion of Redlands.

Up to this time there had been no musical organization in Redlands, but Mr. Sloan, being a lover of music, and recognizing the taste of the people of the city, provided for their entertainment by organizing and drilling the Redlands orchestra. Mr. Sloan was admirably fitted for the position of leader, as he had been a member of the famous Harmonia Quartette, and his melodious voice was pronounced the finest bass in the city.

The second hotel, the Windsor House, was opened to the public March 30, 1888. It was built by the Redlands Hotel Association. McConkey Bros. were the proprietors.

One of the pioneer merchants, who came in the first year of Redlands' remarkable growth, was E. P. Tuck. He bought out the Boston shoe store, which was started in July, 1888, on Orange street. This store has been deservedly popular.

F. P. Meserve in December, 1888, opened the first clothing store in Redlands. The growth of his business was steady and rapid. Today he occupies a handsome store on East State street, which is a most popular resort of the young men who aspire to shine in society.

Necessities having been provided for the taste of our citizens required elaboration in their homes, and the way opened for the establishment of a decorator. Mr. James Ernisse had come to Redlands, expecting to spend a short time here, but he decided to remain and





THE MULE CAR



L. N. HOAG



S. J. HAYES

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engage in his favorite craft. Accordingly he opened a shop November 1, 1888, and for years he was busily engaged in making beautiful not only the private residences, but many of the public buildings of the city.

A. S. McPherron came to Redlands to live in 1888. He has devoted himself to the educational work of Crafton, Highlands and Redlands. He was at one time engaged as supervising principal of the department of public schools of Redlands, and is now county superintendent of public schools.

The first permanent photographer in Redlands was R. G. Philippi, locating here in 1889. Mr. Philippi made a specialty of outdoor views, and his photographs preserve many of the panoramic scenes of the city and valley.

C. E. Truesdall came to Lugonia as a young man in 1882 and soon engaged in the horticulture and real estate business. He was also a director in the Redlands Water Company. In May, 1887, he opened a law office in Redlands, having E. C. Warren for a partner. He is at the present one of our most prominent attorneys.

Mr. Warren came to Redlands in 1885 and was elected a member of the board of trustees of the city April 14, 1890. He served the city in this capacity four years.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE WORK OF THE WOMEN.

During this transformation the women were not idle, but added their mite in laying the foundations, the results of which are now to be seen all over this beautiful city—first providing for the bodily comforts and then ministering to the intellectual needs of our citizens.

Mrs. E. A. Ball, on October 20, 1887, opened the Pioneer House for boarders.

In December, Mrs. L. Jones, a woman of cultivation and business experience, opened a book store in the Otis building on West State street, and in the same store Miss L. E. Foote carried a supply of wall paper and curios, which were much in demand by visitors to our town.

The ladies of the Chicago Colony opened a Woman's Exchange, making Mrs. Jones the manager, and this business was carried on in the same store. After a time, the health of Mrs. Jones failing, she sold her stock to A. W. Barnum, of San Bernardino. In the September following he transferred the business to Miss Foote, who entered into partnership with Miss Anna Pierpont, and they carried on a profitable business. Two years later Miss Foote became sole proprietor.

A short time previous to this, C. C. Beatty had arrived from Chicago and engaged in the stationery business. Mr. Beatty saw that a consolidation of the two firms would benefit both, and in January, 1893,

the new firm of Foote & Beatty was formed and the stock moved into a building on Orange street. At present they occupy a handsome store on State street, where they are prepared to gratify the intellectual and artistic tastes of their many customers.

In March, 1888, Mrs. Early opened a boarding house.

The women were always alert to "lend a hand" to any movement looking to the bettering of existing conditions, and in 1888 a society known as "The United Workers for Public Improvement" was formed by them. One of their earliest labors was the providing of street signs, which were set up in February, 1889.

The same month the W. C. T. U. was organized, and has ever since been an active force in the moral and religious life of the city, especially in the cause of temperance. In November they deeded to the city the Triangle, which provided water for travelers.

In the summer of 1887 Dr. C. A. Sanborn and wife came from Newport, N. H., getting a round-trip ticket for a three months' visit with a sister in Monrovia. They were so delighted with the California climate that they decided to remain, and began at once to seek a spot where they could make such a home as they desired. They visited Los Angeles, San Bernardino, San Diego and other places, and finally, in October, 1887, came to Colton, where they made inquiries about the little city of Redlands, just started. They were at first told that they would find nothing there, and were about to leave on the train, as there were no public conveyances to take them to Redlands. Making further in-

quiries of Mr. Wilson, they were told that they ought to visit the new city, and, after much persuasion, were induced to accept seats in his private carriage and see for themselves. They entered the city on Brookside avenue and drove to the Terrace Villa for lunch. They were so much pleased with what they saw that before leaving arrangements were made for purchasing a home. The next month, November, the doctor bought of F. E. Brown, for \$2,000, four acres, which was in alfalfa, where his home now is on Clifton avenue.

Although the doctor wished to come immediately to Redlands, he was obliged to wait until January, 1888, when he brought his wife, and they occupied rooms over B. O. Johnson's store, now Gillis & Spoor's, where they lived until spring. when they moved into their own home. Suffice it to say it was six years before they returned to New Hampshire. From the time of their making Redlands their home, Dr. Sanborn and his accomplished wife have exercised a wide influence on the social and intellectual life of the community, the doctor being dearly beloved as a physician and Mrs. Sanborn an acknowledged leader in social life.

A. D. Brainerd was the pioneer dentist, opening the first office in the Union Bank block in February, 1888.

Three years later Dr. E. Bedford opened a dental office. As proof that he has not mistaken his profession, he is still to be found busily engaged in his chosen vocation. Dr. Bedford has for years been one of the official members of the First Congregational church.

## INCORPORATION.

I have given a brief account of the rapid progress of the industrial, financial and educational interests of our valley. I am sorry to say that the saloon, the deadly enemy to pure and happy homes, gained a foothold on what is now State street. The question arose, "How can we get rid of this monster?" Incorporation was the only hope. October 16, 1888, the first incorporation notice was published, and November 5th, incorporation passed in the Board of Supervisors. November 26 an election to decide this important matter was held, resulting in a vote of 216 for and 63 against incorporation.

The first trustees were E. G. Judson, J. B. Glover, B. W. Cave, C. H. Andrews, and H. H. Sinclair. December 14th the trustees held their first meeting. Messrs. Glover and Sinclair drew long terms; Andrews, Cave and Judson the short. E. G. Judson was the mayor.

L. W. Clark was city clerk, and in 1906 he is serving the city in the same capacity. Mr. Clark, in his vocation, has wielded an influence for good in all the affairs of the city. He is a man of integrity and sterling worth.

The first marshal was W. C. Brumagin and F. P. Morrison was city treasurer, and still holds the keys to the city's vaults.

I am glad to say that at an election held soon after the voice of the people decided in favor of prohibition. O, that it might never be said again that the saloon has a foothold in Redlands! God speed the day when

this hydra-headed monster, secretly lurking in our midst, may be entirely banished from this "city of churches," as it is called.

The prohibition cause had been ably supported from the start by *The Facts*, a weekly paper edited and published by E. A. Howe. This paper was issued October 23, 1890, and gained such popularity that it was enlarged April 22, 1892.

On October 31, 1892, Mr. Howe issued the first number of the *The Daily Facts*, establishing a carrier system for delivery. February 19, 1893, *The Weekly Facts* was discontinued, leaving the field to its competitor, *The Citrograph*. April 19, 1895, the paper was again enlarged and the heading changed to *The Redlands Facts*, and on August 1, 1895, the paper was purchased by Wm. G. Moore, who changed the heading to *The Redlands Daily Facts*, which is now published in its own building on the corner of Citrus and Fifth streets, dispensing the social, religious and political news of the day.

The first city recorder's court was held on February 15, 1889, by James P. Squires, judge. Mr. Squires was then justice of the peace of the township of Redlands and continued to fill these offices until his death, which occurred just as he had received the appointment of postmaster.

March 19, 1889, a "Temperance League" was organized, and May 28th of this year the Board of Health ordinance was passed, and O. A. Worthing was chosen its president. He has been an active and useful member of this body ever since its organization. In 1891,



Dr. J. M. Wheat was made a member of this board and elected its secretary. Dr. Wheat is a vigilant officer and keeps a careful watch over the hygienic interests of the city.

Another grand man who took part in shaping the destinies of the city was Mr. Wm. Fowler. He was a staunch temperance man and president of the Y. M. C. A. for two years. Mr. Fowler was a member of the Board of Trustees of Redlands four years, and was mayor of the city when Roosevelt honored us with his visit. Mr. Fowler's life, in whatever sphere—at home, in the church or in the political world—was an inspiration to young and old to try to make the world better by having lived in it.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT.

Education and religion have kept pace with the industrial and financial interests of our city. The first Protestant services in Eastberne Valley were held in 1873, by the home missionary from San Bernardino, Rev. Josiah Bates, who preached at the residence of M. H. Crafts, in Crafton, the congregation being composed of the family, the Crafton boarders, and the ranch Indians.

Rev. W. E. Stewart succeeded Mr. Bates in January, 1874. Preaching was kept up semi-monthly, on Thursdays, by these missionaries. Three invalids were converted during Mr. Stewart's preaching and an Indian died rejoicing in his Savior. An Indian Sunday school was started about the same time.

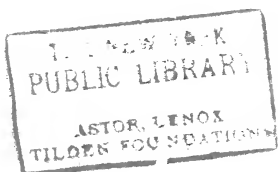
Let me take you to the little settlement of Lugonia in the year 1876. It is an evening in April, memorable to me as the beginning of social religious life in that community. Rev. James T. Ford had come over from San Bernardino to hold a prayer meeting at the house of Col. Tolles, on Lugonia avenue. There were present Col. Tolles and wife, M. H. Crafts and wife, Truman Reeves and wife, G. W. Beattie and Rosa B. Robbins, now Mrs. Canterbury. These cottage prayer meetings were kept up for years, meeting from house to house every Thursday evening. They were always well attended, people going from three to six miles, no matter what the weather. Mr. Ford never failed to be



THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



THE PRESENT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



present. There were several conversions as the fruit of these little prayer meetings.

In the summer of 1877, Mr. C. E. Brink, a good Baptist, was influential in starting a union Sunday school in the little school house on the corner of Lugonia avenue and Church street. He was elected its superintendent, and Walter Mosman (now of Boston) taught the Bible class. Mr. Mosman presented an organ to this little band and Mrs. Brink, now a teacher in Pomona, was the organist. Mr. Brink afterwards suggested the organization of all Christian workers, somewhat after the plan of the Y. M. C. A., and he was chosen its president.

Rev. Mr. Ford preached in the schoolhouse every Sunday afternoon. With the growth of the new settlement the people became increasingly desirous of having a church of their own, and on March 7, 1880, the congregation voted to take measures to this end. As a result the "Second Congregational Church" was organized April 18, 1880, with nineteen members.

Rev. J. T. Ford ministered to both the First and Second churches until December, 1881. Rev. J. G. Hale was the first resident pastor, and he preached till the spring of 1885. The church received a gift of two and one-half acres of land from Frank Brown and E. G. Judson on the corner of Colton avenue and Church street, for a church and parsonage. The new church when completed was furnished by the Ladies' Aid Society with blinds, carpets, chairs, and chandeliers, and a bell, costing \$200, was rung at its dedication, January 7, 1883.

Among other ways to accomplish this object, some of the women of Crafton and Lugonia went from three to six miles to the dryer and cut peaches at five cents a tray. The silver communion service for the church was given by Mr. Crafts' former Sunday school class in Detroit.

The church was obliged to borrow \$500 to complete the payment on the building, and by the death of the lender was unexpectedly called upon to repay the sum. A little less than \$100 was available. Where was the rest to be obtained? The women solved the problem. They decided to hold a "Fair," the first church fair in the Eastberne Valley. Geo. A. Cook had just completed his store building, opposite the present site of the Casa Loma, and above it were two or three vacant rooms and a small hall. There the ladies served a New England dinner. One room was filled with the fancy work and various articles made for sale by the sewing society; another room contained a display of home-made canned fruit, pickles, olive oil, etc. The second day a luncheon was served, and an entertainment provided for the evening. The proceeds of the two days amounted to nearly \$400, and the debt was paid.

Rev. C. A. Stone became pastor of this church in the fall of 1886 and organized the Christian Endeavor Society in 1887.

To quote from a letter from the Rev. Edson D. Hale: "The first Endeavor Society in what is now Redlands was in the Lugonia school house in the fall of 1886, while Mr. Stone was pastor. It was before any other churches beside the Congregational had been organ-

ized in the valley. Isaac Ford, Miss Kate Candee, J. S. Edwards, and Mr. Garrison, were among the prominent members."

Mr. Hale further says, speaking of the society in 1891 and 1892: "This society was one of the very best that I ever knew. The members were very regular in attendance, prompt in taking part, constant attendants and helpers in the mid-week prayer meeting, and were in every way, so far as I know, faithful to their pledge."

As the tide of population seemed to be steadily setting away from the vicinity of the church in Lugonia to Redlands, it was decided to erect a chapel on the corner of Olive avenue and Cajon street. It was also voted to change the name of the church to "The First Congregational Church of Redlands." The new chapel was dedicated the 9th of March, 1890.

A minority of the membership preferred to remain and worship in the old church in Lugonia. Accordingly, in November, 1890, letters of dismission were granted to 23 members, who organized as "The Lugonia Terrace Congregational Church" and invited the Rev. O. H. Spoor to become their pastor. On New Year's Day, 1899, sixty-one members of the Lugonia Terrace church were received by letter into the membership of the First Church and the two churches were made one. The steady progress of the church was due, in no small measure, to the wise counsels and untiring labors of Rev. C. A. Kingsbury, a retired minister, who was an active member and efficient officer until his death in 1893.

October 1, 1893, Rev. J. H. Williams, the present pastor, entered upon his service to this church.

In the summer of 1894 the chapel was enlarged and entirely refurnished and lighted by electricity.

In 1899 a commodious auditorium was erected and the chapel again enlarged and remodeled. The new building has all the appointments of a modern church home. Most of the art windows were gifts in memory of loved ones who have passed on. The clock and bell were given by Mr. Horace Cousens, a winter resident. The new church was dedicated April 1, 1900, Rev. J. T. Ford offering the dedicatory prayer. If his mind went back to that April evening, twenty-four years before, when he rode over from San Bernardino to hold the first neighborhood prayer meeting in Lugonia, and if he recalled the organization of that church of nineteen members in the little schoolhouse on another April day, just twenty years previously, do you not suppose he felt that the toil and sacrifice and struggle was well worth while. The fine pipe organ was purchased in 1902.

Two of the members, Mr. and Mrs. David Morey, presented a lot adjoining the church, on which a parsonage was built in 1902.

The first church built in Redlands was Trinity Episcopal church, built on the corner of North Place and Center street. It was dedicated July 17, 1887, Rev. A. Fletcher holding the first services. Later this building was moved to the southeast corner of Cajon and Olive streets. In this church was solemnized, December 15, '87, the marriage of Miss Selma White and



B. S. Stephenson, the first church wedding in Redlands.

The congregation outgrowing this church, Mrs. A. C. Burrage, of Boston, Mass., gave \$20,000 to build a memorial church in memory of her mother. This beautiful stone edifice stands on the corner of Fern avenue and Fourth streets. The original church, occupying a place just back of the new building, is now used as the Sunday school room. They now have a fine parsonage on Fourth street.

The first services of the Methodist Episcopal church were held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms on State street. The church was organized October, 1887. The first church building was dedicated January, 1891, on the southwest corner of Cajon street and Citrus avenue.

A fine, new edifice, costing \$30,000, was erected on the northeast corner of Cajon street and Olive avenue in June, 1903. This church has the largest membership of any church in Redlands. A prominent part of its work during 1889 was the organizing of the Epworth League, by the pastor, Rev. B. C. Cory, with the aid of the Misses Lulu and Lottie Bishop, Mary Fackler, Emma Jackson, Clara McConkey and Messrs. Howard Hill, H. A. Morton and E. S. Libby, July 2, 1889. The result of their first meeting was the formation of the "Student's Society," which later was organized into an Epworth League, with Rev. B. C. Cory as its president.

One of the special features of the work of this league was street meetings, started in the summer of 1893, held at 6 o'clock on Sunday evenings. These

meetings still continue. Later, the mission church was built in Lugonia, known as Grace M. E. church, which is doing a noble work in the community.

The first Baptist church of Redlands was organized by General Missionary Rev. C. W. Gregory, in the Lugonia school house Nov. 13, 1887, with thirteen charter members. June 15, 1888, the place of meeting was changed from the Lugonia schoolhouse to a tent on a lot previously purchased, where the church now stands. The Sunday school was organized in 1888, with E. S. Foote as superintendent, which office he still holds in 1906.

In '89 a chapel was erected to take the place of the tent, but it was soon too small for the congregations and the services were transferred to the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A.

A Christian Endeavor society was organized in 1891, and a Chinese mission in 1892.

The present church building was erected in the summer of 1896, and the formal opening occurred December 27, 1896.

The church was dedicated, free from debt, May 14, 1899. In the summer of 1900 the church building was enlarged, providing space for a pipe organ, choir-room, pastor's study and primary room. The organ, a gift from Mr. A. Hornby, was used for the first time September 30, 1900. Since then a large addition to the church has been completed, making it a fine edifice, with all modern improvements.

The First Presbyterian Church of Redlands was organized in 1887. The congregation first worshipped

in the little old schoolhouse now standing on the Kingsbury school grounds. Rev. Wm. Donald came from Colton and ministered to their spiritual needs. The first church building was dedicated in 1890 on Cajon street, near Citrus avenue. The church outgrew its small quarters and sold the chapel to the Contemporary Club, retaining the use of it for a while. Two lots adjoining the church were purchased, on which they erected a handsome church, occupying it for the first time, January 22, 1899.

Mrs. I. L. Lyon presented the church a handsome pipe organ, which was dedicated February 22, 1899.

In 1905 the auditorium was enlarged and today it stands a beautiful, commodious structure, an ornament to the city.

This church is active in missionary work, supporting the usual societies and maintaining a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands.

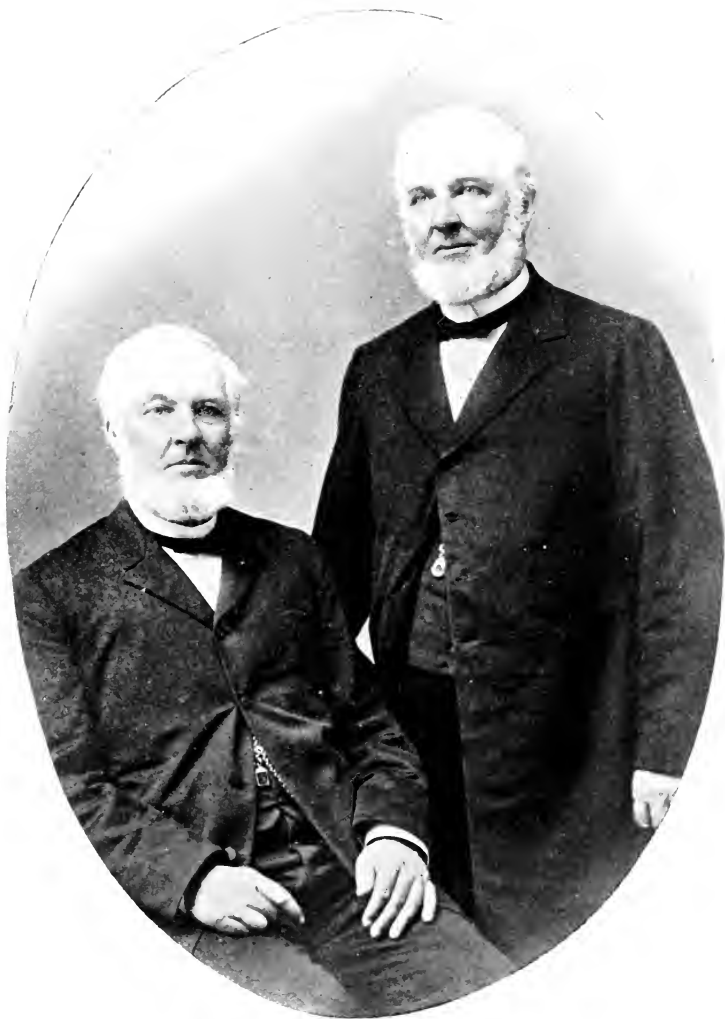
The first services of the Christian Church were held in Woodman's Hall in 1892, but there was no regular preaching until 1899; Rev. Paul McReynolds preached in McGinness' Hall and organized a church. Their church edifice was dedicated December 15, 1901. A lot has been purchased and a mission work started in Lugonia. At present, they have a large and flourishing church.

All these churches were fortunate in their pastors, as they were men not only of intellectual endowment, but the true type of Christian manhood illumined by spiritual light. They have stood shoulder to shoulder in the cause to which their lives were devoted, and they

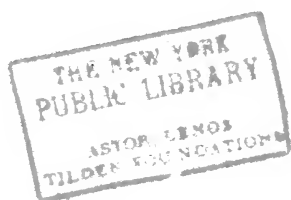
have always been vigilant in the moral and religious affairs of the city, and especially ardent in the cause of temperance. Perhaps without the earnest labors of these men, Redlands would not enjoy the proud name she bears today.

The pioneer Ladies' Aid Societies of the different churches were composed of women of different denominations, ready to help not only in building and furnishing churches, but also to assist in every good cause presented whereby the world would be made better. The spirit of those pioneer women who cut peaches to help build a church still lingers in their societies, and toils and sacrifices have gone into substantial evidence of their love for the church here and of their sympathy for struggling churches in less favored communities.

The Sunday school in all places is regarded as the nursery of the church, and all these religious bodies were diligent in forming and nourishing Sunday schools. The pioneer men and women of whom I have spoken have never spared sacrifice of time, strength and self in this cause; the result has been flourishing Sunday schools, with efficient officers and teachers, and constant recruits to the army of the Lord. Influential men, seeing the importance of helping the young, provided a place of entertainment for young men by organizing the Y. M. C. A., which opened the doors of its own building to the public in 1877. This organization has exerted a powerful influence for good, not only among our own young men and boys, but upon strangers, who find there a warm welcome.



A. K. AND A. H. SMILEY



In their social work they are greatly aided by the Ladies' Auxiliary, who provide Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners for such strangers in our midst as are prevented from sharing these festivities in their own homes. They throw around homeless young men an influence for good, providing them with a free supper once every week, and then inviting them to join in the religious services.

So rapid was the growth of this body, it soon outgrew the first quarters and erected a handsome brick building on the southwest corner of Cajon and Citrus streets. This branch of the Y. M. C. A. was the first society to own its own building in Southern California.

What can be more elevating than a work which is calculated to develop in our boys a noble, Christian manhood, giving them a sphere for the exercise of their natural desire for healthful sports, and at the same time holding before them the shield of moral and spiritual aspirations? May this good work go on and on until we shall see our political world cleared of the stains which now sully it.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE BOARD OF TRADE.

One of the most important factors in the growth of Redlands is "The Board of Trade," which passed through varying fortunes before assuming its present importance.

The first Board of Trade in Redlands was organized in February, '88, and entered vigorously upon work for the improvement of the town, but the organization did not remain in operation long.

In 1893 the business men of the city decided that some organization was necessary and established a "Chamber of Commerce," but this too died an early death, and not until December, 1898, was the Board of Trade put upon a solid basis. Since then this body has been felt in every progressive movement. It has done important work in the interests of our forests, our water supply, the duty on our citrus fruits and all matters of vital concern to our people.

It has brought within our gates the most honored men of the nation, as it was through its instrumentality that Redlands was selected as the place where Governor Gage should welcome President McKinley to the State, and President Roosevelt receive the State's welcome from Gov. Pardee.

The Board maintains beautiful exhibition rooms on Orange street, where visitors can see the famous products of our valley. No city can boast of a more energetic and influential board than that of Redlands



## THE SMILEY BROTHERS.

Among the many visitors who came to California in the fall of 1389 were two men who exercised the greatest influence on the fortunes of our city, Alfred H. Smiley and his brother, A. K. Smiley. The natural beauties of the valley, the balmy air, the fertile soil, all impressed these lovers of nature and they immediately decided upon building here a home where their declining years might be spent in serenity, amidst all the attractions of nature. Possessed of great wealth, endowed with enthusiastic love of the beautiful, and having cultivated tastes, no men were ever better fitted for the work they inaugurated and carried to such a successful conclusion, so that now "Smiley Heights" is a household name all over our broad land. No traveler has ever visited this magnificent spot without carrying away a memory of its charms, that is truly "a joy forever."

With a fine appreciation of scenic effects they secured two hundred acres on the heights, south of the city, and began at once laying out a series of drives unsurpassed for the beautiful views they disclose. Here they collected the rarest plants and trees, which were disposed with an eye trained to all the advantages of form and color. One of the drives leads along the brow of the south side of the hill, beneath which nestles the San Timoteo Canyon, with its verdant orchards, its pretty homes and its schoolhouse.

On the north side, the drive overlooks the city of Redlands, giving a panorama of its orchards, homes, churches and public buildings.

At one point a series of cascades has been created, whose clear waters drop gently from one elevation to another. At another point stands a large reservoir, whose mirror-like surface reflects the waving foliage of the trees that bend over it, and whose borders are decked with the most brilliant flowers.

This wonderful drive is known as Canyon Crest Park, the admiration of the whole country and yearly visited by thousands.

One day it was my pleasure to take a party of strangers over this beautiful drive. One of them remarked, "What a privilege to live in a place where nature and art have combined to create such beauty."

At the eastern extremity of this drive A. H. Smiley built a substantial home, overlooking the city. At the western side A. K. Smiley built his home. These homes were surrounded by beds of gorgeous flowers, making a veritable bower of beauty.

These noble men did not create all this loveliness for their own selfish enjoyment, but gave the public liberty to enter in and enjoy.

Their work has extended to all the industrial, intellectual and religious life of the city.

Recognizing the desirability of a pleasure ground nearer the business portion of the city, Mr. A. K. Smiley bought six acres of land north of Olive street, between Eureka and Grant streets. Next, he secured nine acres on the west, across Grant street. To this he added from time to time, until he had obtained the ground necessary for the carrying out of his plan. That this was not an easy task the following from L.

A. Ingersoll's "History of San Bernardino Valley" will prove:

"In the acquiring of this property a large sum of money was expended and many difficulties encountered. Some property owners were not only reasonable in making terms of sale, but also generous, when informed of the purpose for which the property was to be used. A few only were unreasonable and exorbitant in their demands. At times the difficulties seemed insurmountable. Houses had to be purchased and removed, streets regraded, gutters and culverts put in, water mains laid, and as neither the city nor the water company felt able to make these improvements just then, all these were done by the same lavish hand."

Then Mr. Smiley proceeded to embellish this tract by setting out trees, shrubs and flowering plants. This park was laid out in streets, drives and walks, with rustic seats here and there in shady nooks. Lots were sold to those who wished to live amid such surroundings and many pretty homes are here to be seen.

In the eastern portion of this splendid park Mr. Smiley erected the beautiful Public Library, which is such an ornament to the city, and on April 16, 1898, he made the city the munificent gift of the park and the library.

To quote again from Mr. Ingersoll: "The value of the Smiley Library to Redlands is beyond estimate. It not only answers admirably the purpose of the ordinary library in the ordinary community, but is a lesson in artistic beauty and in culture to the children

and young people, as well as an ever-present object lesson in the generosity and public spiritedness which marks our highest type of Americanism. It is a center of attraction for tourists and visitors and forms one of the many inducements that lead people of refinement and culture to pass their winters in Redlands and to make it their permanent home."

"The history of the Redlands library dates back to December 5, 1891. At that time Messrs. A. K. and A. H. Smiley, J. B. Breed, and others interested in the establishment of a public library and reading room, called a meeting to discuss the matter.

"As a result of this interest a 'Coffee Parlor' and 'Reading Room' were opened in the old Y. M. C. A. building in March, 1892.

"In the winter of 1893 the Redlands Library Association was formed, F. P. Meserve president, Mrs. White secretary, and by January 1, 1894, had accumulated funds sufficient to purchase \$1,000 worth of books.

"On the completion of the new Y. M. C. A. building, in the spring of 1895, the library was established in rooms in this building, where it remained until removed to the Smiley Library. The first librarian was Helen A. Nevin, who resigned in 1895, and was succeeded by her assistant, Miss Antoinette Humphrey, who has been custodian of the library since June 1, 1895."

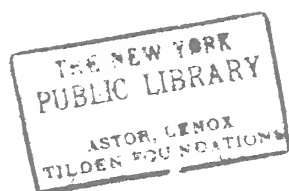
A brief description of this library is now in order. The original plans were drawn under the direction of Mr. Smiley by a Redlands architect, Mr. T. R. Griffith,



THE SMILEY LIBRARY.



THE HENRY FISHER RESIDENCE



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

and Mr. D. M. Donald, a Redlands contractor, superintended the construction of the building from the solid foundation to the exquisite finishing of the interior. The style is "Mission"; the walls are constructed of brick, relieved by stone trimming. The roof is tiled.

"The main building is in the shape of a cross, 100 feet each way, and is constructed from basement to tower of the best materials. The plastering is upon steel lath; the floors are double, the upper floor of solid oak, highly polished. All the inside finish is of the best quality of well-seasoned quartered oak. All inside work, except the mantels, was done in Redlands, including the making of all doors, and all the paneling. The stone carving on the frieze over the main entrance is one of the best pieces of carving in Southern California." The rooms are admirably arranged for light and ventilation.

In the purchase of grounds and the erection of this building Mr. Smiley spent \$60,000.

## CHAPTER XV.

As I am telling of pioneer days I shall not state further details of the progress of Redlands, but give a word picture of the city as we see it in 1906.

Two railroads, the S. P. and the Santa Fe, now connect us with Los Angeles, San Francisco and the entire State.

A traction line makes San Bernardino and Highlands our neighbors, and a modern electric railway has superseded the mule car.

We can chat with our friends or arrange business matters from our own firesides.

Our housewives are rejoicing over an improved gas service; our streets are being made equal to those of any metropolitan city.

A large, handsome brick structure is now the home of the postoffice, which we first saw located in a corner of Cook's small store. The business of the postoffice always marks the growth of the city. Quoting from Ingersoll:

"In 1889 the gross receipts of the office were between \$3600 and \$3500; in 1899 the gross receipts were \$15,117.92; in 1904 the receipts were \$27,537.23. In the money order department, in 1904, 14,199 orders were sold, aggregating the sum of \$97,026.37, and 6,312 orders were paid, amounting to \$81,569.40." Since that time there has been a constant and rapid growth in the business of the office.

The city boasts a population of 10,000, including Lugonia, which is a part of the city, though in the

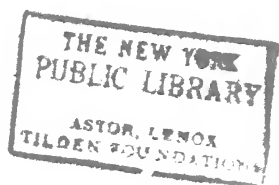




THE SMILEY HOMES



THE STERLING HOME



public school system Redlands and Lugonia seem separate and distinct places.

Lugonia has three school buildings, the Lugonia, Lincoln and Franklin, and Redlands has the Kingsbury, on West Cypress; Lowell, on the corner of Citrus avenue and Church street; and the McKinley, on the corner of Olive avenue and Center street. These buildings are all handsome structures, equipped with modern improvements, and are ornaments to the city.

The high school, opened in the Berry and Wilson block, of which I have spoken, is now housed in a magnificent building in East Redlands, and is used by the Crafton, Lugonia and Redlands schools jointly. It is one of the finest high schools in the State.

The religious and intellectual classes have their buildings in the business center. There are thirteen churches, the Y. M. C. A., the Smiley Library, the Contemporary Club House, the University Club House, where the professional and college bred gentlemen meet for intellectual and social enjoyment, the beautiful, modern "Casa Loma," where tourists find every comfort and luxury, and a handsome undertaking parlor with chapel.

Redlands is essentially a city of homes, many palatial residences having been erected by eastern capitalists, who were attracted here by the salubrity of the climate. To the beauty of architecture they have added the loveliness of well-kept lawns and large gardens adorned with the most beautiful plants and flowers.

The streets are bordered with native and exotic trees, and on every side the eye finds something to charm.

Then there are those magnificent drives, Canyon Crest Park, with its wealth of trees, shrubs and flowers; England Park, west from Cajon street on the Heights, not less gorgeous than Canyon Crest Park; the McKinley Drive, a continuation of Cajon street, past the Country Club, all unsurpassed in excellence and beauty.

At night, as one looks down upon the city from the Heights, he could imagine it enchanted ground, sparkling with myriads of electric lights.

All this transformation has been wrought since the survey of the townsite in 1886—only twenty years. Does it not read like a fairy tale?

## CHAPTER XVI.

I must now return to the story of Crafton, from which I have digressed.

It had long been the intention of Mr. Crafts to attract to this section such settlers as would materially aid in building up the county. Colonization was a dream of his, which he hoped to see realized. Recognizing all the possibilities, and acquainted with the advantages offered by the balmy climate and the fertile soil, he felt that this would sooner or later be a place for homes; with this in view he purchased 1840 acres of land and then bent all his energies to carry out his object.

The water system was unsatisfactory, as water could only be used three hours twice a week for irrigation, so he built a reservoir, covering 14 acres, in the east foot-hills, to store water for future use. The building of this reservoir led to the forming of the Crafton Water Co., of which C. R. Paine was president. This company afterwards purchased the reservoir, paying \$10,000 for it, and that is now the best water-right in the valley.

Mr. Crafts' first sale of land was to Judge Larabee, who purchased for his daughter, Mrs. Burton, a portion of the land adjoining "The Retreat" on the east. The place is now a lucrative orange orchard. Two other sales followed, but forty acres on the south were surveyed and laid out in town lots. On the southwest heights forty acres were set aside as grounds for a college; an ideal location.

The boarding house was filled with guests and family affairs went on as usual.

Mr. Crafts made the first sale of oranges in the eastern valley in 1882, the fruit being neatly packed in boxes made by John Ring, one of our boarders. The boxes were hauled to Colton by team and there sent by rail to Los Angeles, from which place they were shipped to San Francisco by steamer, where the fruit was sold on commission.

C. R. Paine made the second shipment of oranges. From this time the fruit industry grew in importance.

I have already spoken of my daughter Belle. She was warmly welcomed into the family by her step-brothers and sister Nellie (now Mrs. Meachem), who also opened their hearts to receive little Charlie Lincoln, who came to our home as a bright sunbeam. Both children were great favorites and grew to be very helpful as well as companionable. Indeed they were the life and sunshine of the ranch.

Though our everyday duties kept us busy, we had our times of play. The running stream furnished endless pleasure for the children and their fleet ponies carried them safely on delightful excursions, teaching them self-reliance and courage. Many days and evenings were happily spent going to San Bernardino to picnics, church socials, or Sunday school festivals, and ours was really a happy life.

Sunday was the most enjoyable day of the week, for then we drove to San Bernardino to attend church and Sunday school, taking our lunch with us and eating it under the welcome shade of some old sycamore, and

then resting under the trees by the brook. Monday the usual round of duties was resumed with renewed vigor.

At fourteen years of age Belle united with the Congregational church. As there were no schools in Crafton we were compelled to send our daughter from home to pursue her education. She attended the Normal school in San Jose, and was a pupil in Sturges' Academy in San Bernardino.

In May, 1879, Charlie intended to join the church, but he was called up higher; but our loss was his gain. His boy associates afterward told us how he had tried to influence them to become Christians. I can now hear his voice leading in our family devotions, fervently praying for his young companions.

One sunny day in January, 1883, we gave Belle's hand in marriage to a worthy Christian young man, L. A. Canterbury. We invited fifty of her most intimate friends to witness the nuptials, and at 2 p. m., under a canopy of flowers, the two were wedded by Rev. J. T. Ford, assisted by Rev. J. G. Hale. After receiving the congratulations of their friends, the party repaired to the dining room, where a wedding feast had been spread and there a joyous hour was spent. Late in the afternoon the newly wedded couple left for their home in San Bernardino, which was awaiting them. As they drove away the last rays of the setting sun softly flooded the landscape and rested on them as if giving a benediction.

Her married life was a happy one, but brief, for on September 12, 1890, her devoted husband was snatched from her without a moment's warning while bathing

at Long Beach. They had just moved to their new home in Redlands, where she still resides with her family, three sons and a daughter.

The 12th of August, 1886, Mr. Crafts celebrated his seventieth birthday. E. A. Tuttle and family and Miss Butler, of Lugonia, were among our boarders, and Miss Butler's sister, Mrs. A. L. Park, was a guest for the day. The dinner was prepared especially for the occasion and I remember how we enjoyed that social meal, as Mr. Crafts looked and seemed so young, entertaining us in his own genial way.

That fall Mr. Crafts was very busy, preparatory to attending the Missionary Association, which was to be held in November. In order to have his ranch work completed he sowed with his own hands two hundred acres of grain and seemed vigorous and strong, physically and mentally. Arrangements to establish a post-office were just completed, but the service had not begun. He continued arrangements for carrying out his pet scheme, and formed a syndicate with I. N. Hoag and Mr. Warner to sell the land.

Just as this business was completed, Mr. Crafts was suddenly stricken with pneumonia. Two physicians were called, but all our efforts failed to effect a cure. Sunday, at sunset, September 12, 1886, he entered into the higher life, just as he was about to realize the fruition of his fondest hopes. Such is life. "Man proposes; God disposes." He had laid foundations; it was left to others to build.

The funeral services were held at the home by Rev. J. G. Hale. Many of our neighbors and friends from



San Bernardino came to show their respect and sympathy. We laid him to rest by the side of his son, on a pretty knoll near the house, until the opening of the "Hillside Cemetery," to which place father and son were removed. A granite monument now marks the place where sleep these beloved dead, and there rests also our dear son-in-law, L. A. Canterbury. It is a beautiful spot overlooking the orange groves and the scenic beauties of Redlands.

I can never forget the sympathy and kindness lavished on me by my boarders in those trying hours. Left alone to manage the hotel and the ranch, with so much responsibility resting on me, I felt as if I were adrift in a boat without a rudder. I learned to "lean hard," and found the promise verified, "As thy day so shall thy strength be."

Judge Horace Rolfe was the administrator of the estate and his kindness to me was unvarying. I remained in charge of the "Retreat" until January, 1887, when I was taken ill. A purchaser appeared, who wished to establish a sanitarium, but he failed to fulfill his engagements, and the hotel was rented to another party and I went to live with my daughter. We cannot see the wisdom that thwarts our plans, but it is in hours like these we learn our own weakness and the strength of the blessed promises which have been the comfort of the afflicted through all the years.

"If we could know beyond today,  
As God doth know,

Why dearest treasures pass away  
And tears must flow;

And why the darkness leads to light,  
Why dreary paths will soon grow bright—  
Some day life's wrongs will be made right—  
Faith tell us so.

"If we could see—if we could know,  
We often say ;  
But God, in love, a veil doth throw  
Across our way.  
We cannot see what lies before,  
And so we cling to Him the more ;  
He leads us till this life is o'er—  
Trust and obey."

—*Christian Work.*

Though the anticipations of Mr. Crafts have not all been realized as he planned, yet I can imagine his delight if he could see the valley as it is today. Grain fields have become fruitful orange groves, with handsome homes ornamented with flowers and shrubbery. The Southern Pacific depot now occupies the spot where the store dispensed its goods to the Indians ; another store, adjoining the depot, caters to the large and prosperous community that has grown up. It also houses the postoffice, where daily mails are distributed. There is telegraphic connection with all points, and the telephone brings neighbors in close communication. There is no church at Crafton, as we had hoped there would be, but there is one at Mentone near by, which the people of Crafton enjoy under the pastorate of Rev. George Robertson.

A fine sanitarium is also located there, which attracts many strangers in search of health.

Mr. Robertson and his wife are doing a noble work there, not only administering to the spiritual needs of their flock, but ever ready to comfort the afflicted, and if need be, to assist in providing ways and means to help the poor and destitute who come there in their distress. Surely it is such as these who will one day hear: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

The busy days of struggle and aspiration are over. Now in my time of leisure, as I look about me, I see on every hand the fruit of the labors of the self-sacrificing pioneers, who transformed the wilderness into populous cities, and made "the desert blossom as the rose."

Truly, these sturdy pioneers "builded better than they knew," for upon the foundations they laid have risen enduring structures, monuments that time can never alter nor destroy. What a privilege to have been permitted to have even a small share in such a glorious work.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### BIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR.

I was the youngest of the six children of John and Elizabeth Russell, born at Unadilla Center, Otsego County, New York, the 29th of November, 1825.

At three years of age, I had the misfortune to lose my precious mother, and many trials came into my young life which I should not have known under my dear mother's care, for my step-mother could not fill her place.

The most of my childhood days were spent on a farm, and my early education was gained at the public school and in the Sunday school, where I was almost always present, walking nearly two miles whether in the cold and snow of winter, or the sun and rain of summer. When I could snatch an hour from my busy life at home or school, I loved to wander in the woods, gathering wild flowers, ferns and dainty wintergreens; or to sit by some running stream reading my book and listening to the song of birds. The woods, birds and flowers were my chosen companions. I early learned to find,

“Sermons in stones,  
Books in the running brooks,  
And good in everything.”

The happiest hours in our home circle were when gathered around the family fireside we sang our favorite hymns, father accompanying us on the bass viol. How precious to me now is the memory of that

loving father, always kind and gentle, even when reproving our wayward, frolicsome ways.

The home influences thrown around me at a very early age had much to do in shaping my plans for my future career. At thirteen, I took the most important step of my life by consecrating myself to the service of Christ, looking to Him for help and the Almighty arm on which I then leaned has never failed through all these years, with their vicissitudes and experiences of joy and sorrow, care and pain, suffering and loss.

At fourteen I resolved to become a teacher, and from that time I improved every opportunity to prepare myself for that work. After leaving the public school I attended an academy at Herkimer, N. Y., with my sister, one term, where I began the study of French and took lessons on the piano and also learned some of the higher English branches.

The next summer, I taught a country public school, and the following winter, while visiting another sister, I spent one term at an academy in Francestown, N. H.

In September, 1846, I entered the "Troy Female Seminary," the pioneer ladies' school of the United States, founded by Mrs. Emma Willard, in 1819, in Waterford, N. Y., and removed to Troy in 1821. Mrs. John Willard was the principal while I was a student there. She educated young ladies and secured situations as teachers for them in the south, to enable them to pay their tuition.

Mrs. Willard's smiling face, gentle manners and beautiful life had a benign influence over her pupils,

which prepared them to fill any responsible position opened to them.

January, 1848, I left this school to try my first venture in my chosen profession, an inexperienced country girl sent to Hillsboro, London County, Virginia, as vice-principal of a seminary. I was provided with traveling companions as far as Baltimore. We took a boat down the Hudson, expecting to reach our journey's end Saturday night, but a heavy fog delayed our landing, so that we were detained in New York City over Sunday, for which I was afterwards thankful, as I had the privilege of hearing one of the most eminent divines of that period, Dr. Barnes, who seemed to me a patriarch addressing his children.

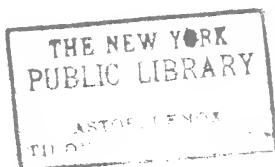
I reached my destination safely and found my situation all I could desire. A happy four years was spent in the historic Shenandoah Valley. I enjoyed to the full the charming hospitality for which Virginians are famous the world over. I was not held as a stranger, but was a welcome participant in all the social pleasures of the village.

My sister, also a graduate of Troy, was teaching ten miles distant, in Maryland, near Harper's Ferry. We used to take delightful horseback rides, back and forth to visit each other, and often took trips to Harper's Ferry and other places of interest.

On one occasion I went with a friend to Washington, D. C. We went down the Potomac in a little steamer, then a great novelty, reaching the National Capital in the morning. The day was devoted to



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sight seeing. We called at the White House and saw the wonderful East Room, but missed seeing President Polk. We stood in the rotunda, entered the legislative halls, visited the patent office and other notable places.

In December, 1852, I went with my brother, Rev. A. B. Russell, to Plaquemine Parish, Louisiana, where he was rector of the Episcopal church. Here I spent a year and a half teaching on a plantation.

Life on a plantation in those days was ideal and I shall never forget the intellectual pleasures, the kind hospitality, and the true affection which was mine to enjoy as long as I remained there.

In 1854 I left these charming scenes, having become the wife of Prof. Ellison Robbins. We came to California where he had been engaged in teaching.

In 1855 our little son, Ambrose, was born, but he was only lent us for a short time, for in less than four years his Heavenly Father recalled him.

Our daughter was given to us in 1861, and we greatly rejoiced over her birth.

Three years later Mr. Robbins was called to receive his reward and my little daughter and I were left to mourn his loss.

Of my life at Crafton, as the wife of Myron H. Crafts, I have spoken at length in the preceding pages. Now, at the age of 80, I am tranquilly spending the closing years of life in the home of my dear daughter in Redlands, blessed with the love and affection of my four grandsons and a granddaughter, in whose youth I am renewing my own.

“Sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust” in the Power that has led me thus far, I dwell fondly on the memory of dear ones who have preceded me to the better land, confidently looking forward to a glad reunion, when “I have crossed the Bar.”

[THE END]





